THE BYSTANDER
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The Bystander, February 6, 1929

No. 1312. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

Ernst Schneider

FRÄULEIN ELSE GALLINA

A Berlin Society beauty, and a member of an old and aristocratic family. She is coming to London for the season, when she will be in request to sing at various at-homes

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C.F.H.563

Leslie Henson, as a Doctor who can certainly cure melancholy with some of the chorus in "Funny Face." This bright show is going strong at the Winter Garden Theatre

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Well, so Sir Henry Wood is writing his reminiscences."

"Oh, yes. They're to date from his babyhood up, I understand."

"I wonder what he'll call the book."

"Well, he might do worse than call it 'From Prams to Proms.'"

"Sounds an arresting title."

"Talking of arrest — any more night club proprietors been run in for corrupting the poor, dear, gullible police?"

"Is *that* what Mrs. Meyrick did? I had an idea that the sergeant was blackmailing *her!*"

"What funny ideas you really do get, Ritz."

"Not such funny ideas as that of Jix writing friendly letters to the banished Victor in Paris, though."

"I *should* love to see their meeting in the latter's restaurant."

"Very magnanimous man, our Home Secretary."

"Oh, *most*. I wonder if he will carry on the good work and dine off Wembley Rock."

"That *would* be a sticky business."

"Change the subject and talk of something a bit more amusing."

"The uninvited guests who turned up at Mrs. Reginald Coke's fancy dress dance were firmly rebuffed. Gate-crashers are rather up against it in these days, what?"

"You've said it. They'll certainly have to watch their step in future."

"Mind their gait, you mean."

"What a ghastly jest. You want one of Heppell's Pick-Me-Ups, Carlton."

"Talking of Gestes reminds me of Basil Dean's production at His Majesty's."

"Frankly, I wasn't very struck with it."

"How extraordinary! I should have thought you would have been."

"Why?"

"There are such a lot of 'stout fellers' in it."

"Not 'fellers,' Carlton, 'fellahs.'"

"Whilst on the subject of pictures, I hear that Lady Oxquith will be seen in Anthony's next big production."

"Oh, talking film, of course."

"No. Just Margot without argot."

"So our E. V. Lucas has just completed a long journey."

"Yes, he's back from Ceylon. S'pose he'll write a book on it?"

"Shouldn't be surprised. He should call it 'Write to a Tea.'"

"Cheer up! I'm off to the Riviera to-morrow."

"You aren't following the example set by Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, then?"

"Oh, no, I'm not going to Spain this year."

"Afraid that you'll be involved in the latest rebellion?"

"Not at all! It just happens that I prefer the Riviera to de Rivera."

"What are the golf courses like in Spain?"

"Well, there should be no dearth of red flags!"

"I hope Lady Carisbrooke will not be too engrossed again to forget a dinner engagement with Royalty."

"I hope you saw what the daily paper said about Mentone being less toney now."

"Good heavens! What's wrong?"

"The libraries are filled with Frank Harris's 'Life and Loves,' 'The Well of Loneliness,' and 'Ulysses.'"

"Never mind, Ritz. I shall try to bear up."

"Bare-backed and bare-faced, *you* mean. Well, *au r'voir*, Ritz."

"Lady, be Good!"

Your Ears, please!

Next Week

GEORGE WHITELAW in CIRO'S COCKTAIL BAR. A double page in full colour.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS writes on CATHERINE THE GREAT.

KIM Discusses POLICE PROTECTION

GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM reveals some RIVIERA SECRETS.

A SUCCESSFUL SEARCH for a NIGHT'S

The International Épée contests in progress in the Casino Gardens at Cannes

A PARTY of us went to the Gala dinner at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, the other night. It is a beautiful room, the dinner was excellent, a good dancing band, and most attractive poupées as souvenirs. Nevertheless, I was delighted to get away. Why a well-organised gala dinner should be able to convey so particular an atmosphere of depression I do not know. It may be that one always sees just the people one expects to see, and that the weekly repetition of the same parties, same faces, and almost identical conversation gets on one's nerves. We do like change *sometimes,* don't we?

S

FROM the point of view of the people, this night was no exception. Sir Walter and Lady de Frece had brought a party, while Mr. Edgar was host to another large party, which included the Grand Duke André and his son, Prince and Princess Léon Radziwell, and Lady Alexander, who looked most animated in one of the brilliantly coloured gowns she invariably prefers. Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall were for once in their sociable lives sitting alone.

S

WE were immensely entertained by a stout lady, renowned throughout Monte Carlo for the number and peculiarity of her dogs, who suddenly leapt from her table, seized hold of a delicate and highly spiritual-looking Russian, and liter-

The Duke of Connaught photographed with Mrs. Ward in villa is where the Duke

All smiles at the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at Monte Carlo. The three are Mrs. Satterthwaite, Colonel Houghton and the Duke of Westminster

ENTERTAINMENT: By Geraldine PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ally conveyed him round the room to the tune of a tango.

HAVING made a comparatively early exit from this hardly exhilarating gala, we proceeded in search of amusement, which I am thankful to say can always be found in Monte Carlo, unless you are a serious gambler, in which case you may get many thrills, but gaiety and *joie de vivre* do not appear to be included.

WE first descended upon the Carlton Bar. The restaurant itself remains unchanged after the lapse of about twenty years, being the haunt of English and American tourists who arrive in the hope of seeing life and merely discover a night club with little atmosphere and indifferent music.

...e garden of his villa at Cap Ferrat. This charming ...ends the Winter each year

THE newer bar, however, is delightful. Easy chairs, pleasantly subdued light, and good drinks; and, incidentally, the *thé dansants*, or rather cocktail *dansants*, held there from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., are becoming one of the features of the gayer side of Monte Carlo life.

AFTER a few minutes' repose we proceeded to the Knickerbocker, a small and most cheerful haunt, possessing an excellent small band and a very friendly proprietor. We found the place packed, chiefly by a large party of the most respectable and leading lights of Mentone society, who had taken a night off from bridge and come over to hear Rex Evans sing—which he did, two hours late, having been prised from his chair in the Sporting Club with difficulty, for he is a great gambler. His performance is, however, well worth waiting for, and his *répertoire* most entertaining; and I trust it was appreciated by Mentone.

Miss Nora Delmarr, the well-known operatic singer, seen with her famous string of Pekingese at Cannes

ON hearing him one longed for a miracle to occur—for him to be suddenly transplanted into the centre of an earnest mothers' meeting in England, and then to oblige with a little song of his entitled "The Harem." The effect might be a little —er—unexpected.

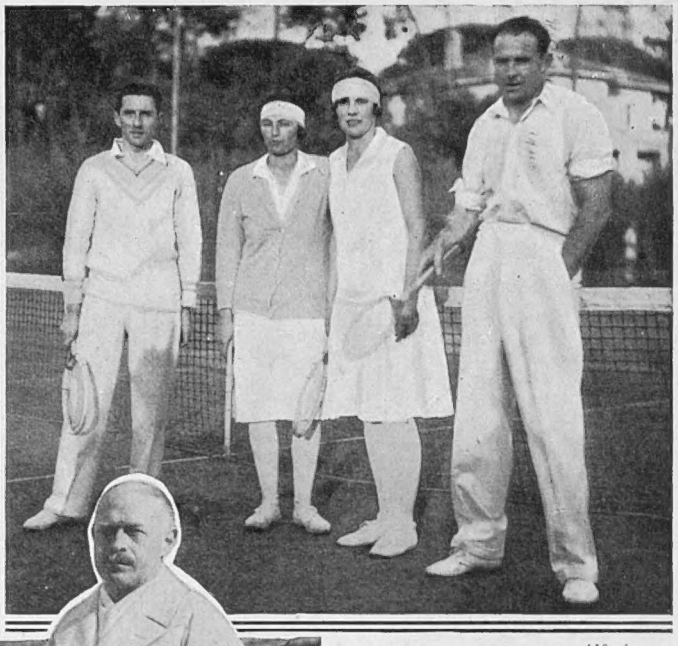
THERE is also a tall young man, invariably accompanied by a white dog, who is a frequent visitor to the Knickerbocker. He is always full of the party spirit, will oblige with a song and dance at any minute, and insists that everyone supping should dance. Strangers obey him in a daze when they find themselves hustled from their comfortable seat and made to leap round in a wild Paul Jones. The dog adds considerably to the liveliness of the scene by occasionally leaping from under a table and tearing the trousers of any waiter to whom she may have taken a temporary dislike. The waiters, however, remain calm, dog-owners are invariably generous, and trousers can be invisibly mended.

IT is said that the white dog has an inhuman capacity for counting the number of her master's drinks, that she knows the exact limit which should be permitted; on that being reached she leaps to her feet, drags her master's coat from the vestibule,

AT THE CANNES TOURNAMENT

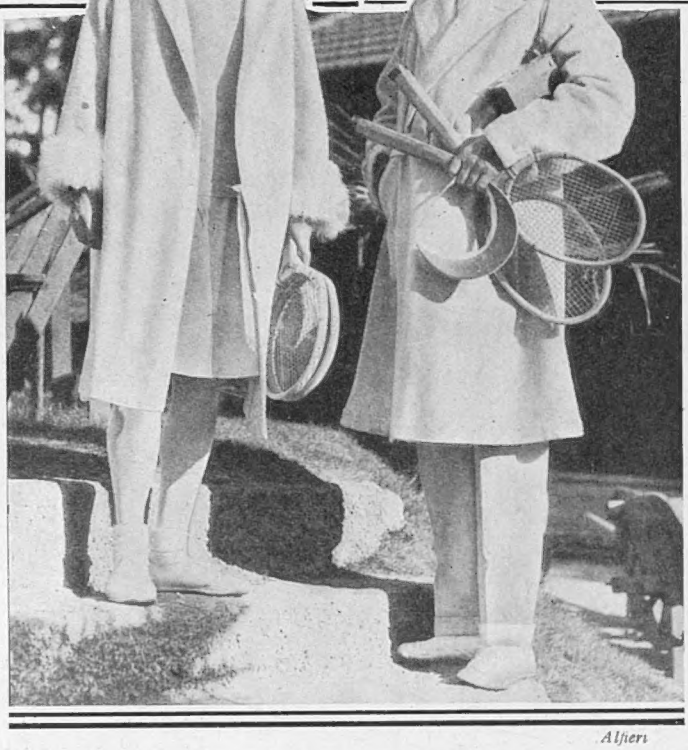
Sport and General

Baroness Morpurgo seen signing autographs with Prince and Princess Schaumburg-Lippe at the International Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes



Alfieri

A Mixed Doubles on the new courts at Cannes. They are J. R. Brugnon, Mme. Le Forest, Miss Joan Fry and S. Harris



Alfieri

Mrs. Creasy and Lord Roundway face the photographer on a sunny morning at Cannes. A sharp frost interfered somewhat with the play. Lord Roundway commanded the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards from 1920-24

sees that her lead is placed in his hand, and then leads him home. I am unable to vouch for the exact accuracy of this story, but she is a marvellous dog with a great responsibility.

HAVING a rooted objection to remaining too long in one place, and after having consumed vast quantities of haddock and poached egg, we decided that a move was clearly indicated, and proceeded to Abrek's. This is the Karsanova of Monte Carlo. We go there because it inspires us with an exciting and highly pleasurable feeling of wickedness. Its sombre atmosphere and waiters garbed as Cossacks, with knives in their belts and fierce expressions upon their faces, give us a thrill. What appear to be distended and inanimate forms can be faintly seen silhouetted upon divans, regrettably, when the lights are turned up (this only occurs twice nightly) they turn out to be perfectly ordinary citizens.

NO one has been known to eat or drink much there, but there is a prodigious amount of stage fruit, apples, bananas, and oranges, reposing on massive imitation silver platters. Even they are not eaten, merely used as missiles. But it is all fun, everyone is good tempered, and it is a relief from spotting the eights and nines or the nervous suspense of roulette.

WE finished in daylight at the Black Cat, which was unfortunately shut. We had exhausted the night life of Monte Carlo; all that happened to us being that a black commissionaire and an infuriated taxi-driver pushed their heads into our car, which they, quite mistakenly, insisted we had stolen. So chilly a reception depressed us, and regretfully it was decided that the time had arrived to return home. And so to bed, surrounded on our way by quiet and respectable citizens about to do their marketing.

ALTHOUGH some people laugh at the mention of the word Mentone, I think it is a much-abused spot, for besides being a most picturesque town, it is certainly the greatest sun-trap on the Riviera. I hear that one can gamble quite high at the Casino, and there is an excellent bridge club run in a most friendly manner, where the bridge is not too serious; poker can also be played, and when encouragement after losses is required, this is immediately procurable at a most delightful bar.

BEAULIEU has prepared for the season by opening a new Casino. This is, of course, a much smaller affair than the one at Nice, and overlooking the sea. The popularity of Casino life in this part of the world should make us regret the English Nonconformist conscience; if only we allowed gambling and encouraged enjoyment at home our Income Tax might assume reasonable proportions, permitting more English people to live in their own country.

G. P. O.

BY WILL OWEN

"Got a maggot, please, mister?"

LIFE'S ACTIVITIES—PERSONALITIE

Commodore Sir Arthur Rostron, Captain of the Cunard liner, Berengaria He has recently been promoted to a Knight of the Legion of Honour

The Prince of Wales seen during his tour of the distressed mining areas. On his right is Mr. Noel Curtis Bennett. In front is "Taffy" Lewis, who showed the Prince round the village of Winlaton

Mlle. Simone Gabard, a mannequin, who is nineteen years of age. She has been chosen Queen of Paris for a year

The little Earl Haig, who has recently been enrolled as a Wolf Cub in his late father's own Scout Troop. His sister, Lady Irene Haig, was at the same time enrolled as a Brownie in the Countess Haig's Girl Guide Troop at Richmond

IN THE WEEK'S NEWS

TWO BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR BRIDES—MISS ZITA JUNGMAN AND THE HON. DIANA MITFORD

Mr. Bryan Guinness, son of the Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, the Minister for Agriculture, and of Lady Evelyn Guinness, with his very pretty bride, the Hon. Diana Mitford, Lord and Lady Redesdale's third daughter. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James seen after their wedding at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. Mrs. James was formerly Miss Zita Jungman, daughter by her first marriage of Mrs. Richard Guinness

The two little Guinness girls, who were bridesmaids, leaving St. Margaret's after the marriage of their cousin. With them are their father and mother, Lord and Lady Iveagh

Mr. Winston Churchill was one of the guests at the Guinness-Mitford wedding

if_ _ gossip_ _

A striking photograph of Miss Gypsy Rhouma-Jé, the clever young dancer who will be seen in the film version of "White Cargo" now being made at the St. Margaret's Studios, Twickenham. She was dancing recently at the Kit-Cat Restaurant

THE Kit-Cat Restaurant was crowded last Monday when Abe Lyman's American Dance Orchestra made its *début* a little later than schedule owing to the overwhelming reception at the Palladium, where it had performed first. An orchestra like this of course is far more at home in the intimacy of a restaurant cabaret than in a great theatre, and the guests at the Kit-Cat were united in their enthusiasm for Mr. Lyman's orchestra. Every night since then the restaurant has been crowded with well-known people.

THE true test of any dance orchestra is only really felt when people dance to it. Lyman's orchestra absolutely entices you to take the floor, and among others I noticed Princess Arthur of Connaught, who, I believe, was dancing almost without pausing. In the latest style every single member of the orchestra was doing something novel, but certainly not discordant; each of them in turn playing his own variation of the particular waltz or fox-trot.

ARISTOCRATIC owners of antique shops, millinery shops, costumiers' shops and house decorating and upholstering establishments (this was Lord Lathom's line for a long while) abound, but Lord Annaly has struck an original note by becoming, with Mrs. Audrey Coats, a director of a barber's shop in Bond Street.

American optimists and others must not, alas, expect that a real peer will get busy with the pomatum, that they will be lathered by one of lengthy lineage, or that a coroneted brow will bend over the cutting of their corns. That, alas, will be left to untitled experts. But Lord Annaly, in the words of Clancarty, "will be there."

AS a matter of fact, Lord Annaly's family sprang from trade, so this venture is in some degree a return to *status quo*. His name is Luke White, and it was an ancestor, also a Luke White, who began life as an assistant in a bookseller's shop. Then the gods suddenly decided to be good to him. He bought up some lottery tickets, and on the day of the draw found many of them still on his hands, and a heavy loss more than probable. Fortunately, he had retained the winning number, which brought him £20,000. He died worth a million. The present noble Luke White is something of a live wire, and whatever else he does in the business world, he will not be luke-warm.

By Starr Wood.

THE ACTRESS: "When I was in the States I was offered fifty pounds a week to stay there"

THE FRIEND: "Did the offer come from this country?"

THE dinner given by the Arts Club to the veteran artist, Sir David Murray, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, and to other octogenarian members, was held a few hours after the conclusion of the great night-club case. Sergeant Goddard had just been sentenced, so the assembled R.A.s were in no fear of a raid. But the suggestion that the name of the historic institution should be altered to "Murray's" was not adopted. And a change to the "Eighty Club" would have caused confusion. Besides, candidates are eligible at slightly under that age.

we__must__

THE Goddard-Meyrick affair was *sub judice* when I made my comments last week on the enforced gloom of London. But the unfolding and the result of that rather sordid business give me an even stronger case—if a plea for what is so obviously just and sensible needs any strengthening. I don't suppose there is anyone who is particularly sorry for ex-Sergeant Goddard, and Mrs. Meyrick had been warned, and more than warned, many times that she was playing a dangerous game, and has, as it were, "asked for" what she has got. But this pair are merely the outcome of a silly system of repression. In a sanely organised community there would be no need for the Mrs. Meyricks and no temptation, therefore, for policemen to batten on them.

By Frank Ford

"Well, Joan, you now have a little baby brother!"
"Oh, Dr. Scott, I'm *so* glad! Daddy was getting kind of girlish with just mother and me about"

DESTROY utterly the rules that make it a heinous offence to provide anyone with drink after midnight and the shady night clubs and the people who run them will disappear quicker than any police campaign will make them. There will no longer be any need for anything of the sort. Places such as the Embassy, Ciro's, and the Kit-Cat (and others to suit slenderer purses) will be as gay, or gayer, at 2.30 a.m. as they are at 10.30 p.m., and they will be no less decorous. Drunken orgies should not occur; the proprietors will see to that. If they do, they will send for the police in their own interest. London will be brighter and altogether more decent when the whole antiquated and humiliating nonsense of raids, bribery, and so forth is thrown overboard. That should be a plank in the Government platform at the forthcoming election. It is not too late.

WHAT, after all, was Mrs. Meyrick really doing? She was doing (though not, of course, from philanthropic motives) merely what anyone in any big Continental city is allowed to do without let or hindrance. She was providing dancing and alcoholic refreshment for

A party of children from some of the poorest districts in London photographed outside the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where they were taken to see this year's pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk." They were the guests of our contemporary, "Eve," whose Girls' Salon does so much to help charitable enterprises and among its other contributions has already endowed cots in many children's hospitals

Gilliand Lind playing in Pirandello's "The Mock Emperor" at the Queen's Theatre. At one moment of the play she is in a frame representing a picture—and she looks as pretty as one

if gossip we must

those whom it pleased for the moment to stay out of bed until the small hours became large. That she charged exorbitant prices for champagne and four or five shillings for a nip of whisky and soda was, incidentally, the fault of the authorities, who forced her to act clandestinely and to pay graft. That undesirable people of both sexes were to be found in her places was also the inevitable sequence of their being conducted *sub rosa*.

June, the popular musical comedy star, whose engagement to Lord Inverclyde has been made public. The wedding will take place in London next month, and June has announced her intention of retiring from the stage after she is married

THE baggy trousers of evening dress suits are authoritatively declared to be doomed. These garments—I will not divulge the slang name for them, beyond mentioning that it rhymes with the motto of Republican France—have had a long reign. Trousers, like, occasionally, some of their owners, are going to be rather tight in the near future; those who have a shapely leg will be able to display the fact and be duly proud of it. But as they will need more exact tailoring, they will be proportionately expensive. Wherefore I suggest to the economically minded *arbiter elegantiarum* that he should have his existing dress trousers made into three or four pairs of the new variety.

THE uninvited guest scare seems to have started again; indeed, seven tried simultaneously to join in the caviare and vodka party of Mrs. Reginald Coke's. Considering the fidelity with which her friends had made themselves up to look like Russians, it was a feat of perception on Mrs. Coke's part to have spotted an uninvited one. The Marchesa Malacrida had completely covered her face with some white grease so that she might easily have been mistaken for a decorative advertisement for face cream, and it needed a second or third glance to recognise Lady Queensberry beneath the vivid colours of Scheheradze. Really, I am not sure that a hostess ought not to be a little grateful to the uninvited guest. After all, it does ensure the party being talked about, doesn't it?

MESSRS. CLAYTON AND WALLER are, it seems, to be pitied, not criticised (as I ventured to criticise them), for engaging some American actresses for their leading *rôles* in *Merry, Merry*, at the Carlton, where their play of American college life was a feature last year.

On their own explanation they were fervently anxious to secure English girls. For one part in *Merry, Merry* they held several auditions, and tried hard,

"I've just heard a rumour that my husband's amorous"
"Splendid, dear! That should be worth a couple of new dresses at least"

BY JACK GREENALL

By Edna Clayton

Violet Vanbrugh as the Duchess of Dunborough in "Her Past," the comedy which is now playing at the Shaftesbury Theatre

they declare, to engage an English actress. But not one could they find, and, as no suitable person was available of British blood, they had, much against their will, to send for an American.

I am informed that not only did they hold special auditions for the cast of *Merry, Merry,* but, in addition, they hold a general audition weekly in their endeavour to find British talent.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE is now as polite as St. James's used to be in the Alexandrine *régime.* Mr. Sutro's play, *Living Together,* I found extremely dull, and even the appearance on the stage of a real motor car, as real as Mr. Vincent Crummles's pump, served only to tantalise and to remind me that the broad Atlantic was stretching between it and Mr. Harry Tate. Mr. Tate, indeed, might have done for the play what even Mr. Owen Nares could not.

Yet the swarthy damsels of the gallery remained silent, or even applauded, instead of rending the air with shrill derision. Mr. Sutro, Mr. Leon M. Lion, with Sir Philip Sassoon, imperturbable in the stalls, made a formidable combination.

THERE is a chorus girl who, for reasons best known to herself and possibly to him, has for a certain eminent figure in the musical comedy world a cordial loathing. Recently she turned up for an audition, and the great man was in the stalls smoking a cigar in critical mood. "You haven't an earthly chance of being engaged," said a friend. "What's the idea?" "Wait and see," was the reply. When her turn came for a song she stepped right down to the footlights and sang "God Save the King." "I wanted to make that blighter stand up," she explained as she moved away to try her luck at another theatre.

"WHY do music lovers eat such a lot of cake?" asked a novelist of my acquaintance, paying his first visit to the Queen's Hall the other night. It is a fact. They do.

Supporters of symphony concerts —good, easy souls for the most part, and as unlike the theatrical crowds as it is possible to be—wolf cake by the cwt., and "make to disappear with horrid zest" the piles of it on the refreshment counters between spasms of Strauss and Beethoven. They usually accompany this *ad lib. con molto amore* with sips of coffee, though stronger drink is available up to 10 p.m. After that hour alcohol must be sought, thanks to the advocates of Duller London, on the southern side of Oxford Street. But it is only the musical critics who risk pneumonia.

Miss Nancy Logan, a clever young entertainer, who is taking part in a cabaret at the Hyde Park Hotel next Sunday, February 10. It is in aid of St. George's Hospital

By Edna Clayton

The much pursued Madame le Sambre in "Her Past," played by Alice Delysia, who scores a big success in the part

BUT *The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian,* which, for some inscrutable reason the B.B.C. turned on at their Queen's Hall orchestral concert, had, for the listeners, such realistic martyrdom about it that even Princess Bibesco, clad in sombre black at the back of the circle, shivered with agony. Mr. Percy Pitt, who is one of the B. B. C.'s musical bigwigs, seemed impervious to these slings and arrows. Perhaps he was responsible for the selection. If so—

"'Tis true 'tis Percy,
And pity 'tis 'tis Pitt."

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD: A NEW STUDIO PORTRAIT

This artistic study was taken at Oxford on the occasion of Lord Birkenhead's last visit to his Alma Mater. He has now returned to England after his holiday in Madeira

Photograph by Hills and Saunders

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

writes on

GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

No. 3. Annie Laurie

Untruthful Impressions by NORMAN KAY

IN the ninth volume of Greville "Memoirs" that able (if acid) chronicler records a visit to the Moulin Rouge in Paris in November, 1867. Mistinguett was then drawing enthusiastic audiences by her incomparable art, and every night as she walked down a staircase (real) erected on the stage, then up again, then down, wearing ostrich feathers (real) on her head, the applause was thunderous; for in those days staircase-descending was in its infancy. But to Greville there was another attraction. Sandwiched cleverly between a dancing act by *Les Tommy's Boys* and a dancing act by *Les Reveller's Girls* was a dancing act by *Les Folly's Girls* and *Les Masher's Boys*, and the fifteenth girl from the left in *Les Folly's Girls* was so beautiful, in a dark Spanish way, that Greville, seeing her again in Tortoni's after the show, asked the Peruvian Ambassador to introduce him. At that moment the girl rose abruptly and went out. Some hours later Greville, returning to his hotel, found, somewhat to his surprise, the same girl in charge of the lift. He asked her name. She said "Annie Laurie." The following conversation ensued:—

"A black-faced Eskimo in striped polo kit"

Greville: *Troisième étage.*

Annie Laurie: All right, Weisenheimer.

Greville: I beg your pardon?

At that moment the lift stopped at the second floor, and a black-faced Eskimo in striped polo kit got in, nursing an ostrich in his arms. There was nothing peculiar about the ostrich, except that it wore roller-skates. Nevertheless, at the third floor Greville hastily got out, ran downstairs, and left the hotel, resolved to sleep at the Embassy. He hailed a cab, and saw, as it drew up, that it was driven by Annie Laurie. The following conversation ensued:—

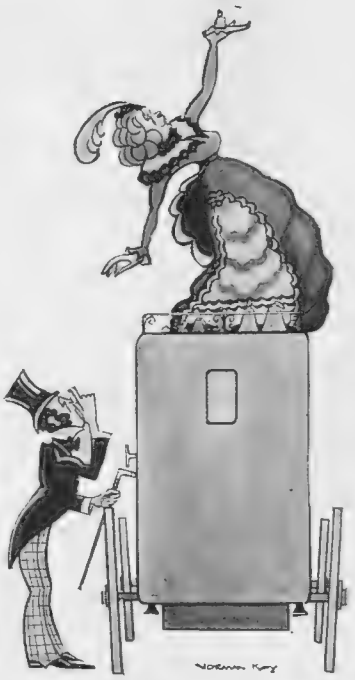
Greville (laughing it off): *A l'Ambassade Britannique.*

Annie Laurie (gruffly): Whistle something, boy.

Greville: I can't.

Annie Laurie: Well, hum something.

Greville refused, whereupon Annie Laurie produced a set of weights, ranging from five ounces to one hundredweight, climbed on the roof of the cab, and began a weight-lifting exhibition. By this time Greville was so nervous that he rushed away to the Embassy, where they advised him to take a bromide and go to bed. This he did, and saw no more of Annie Laurie until about 3.30 a.m., when she peeked at him from the top of the cornice. She then slid swiftly down to the writing-table and argued a little with a bear with red eyes and white gloves which happened to be there, but when Greville opened his eyes again she had vanished, and the bear was alone, laughing heartily.



"Began a weight-lifting exhibition"

It is plain from the context that Greville considers he has a grievance against Annie Laurie. No biographer of hers can permit this. She was never the kind of girl to plague a Society diarist, nor would she ever have had the well-known song written about her had her conduct not been uniformly blameless.

"Argued a little with a bear with red eyes and white gloves"

"To Annie Disraeli's salon in Curzon Street flocked the cream of London Society"

Her real story is as follows:—

About the year 1865 young Angus Pough, of Poughkeepsie, wooed and won the heart of Annie, youngest daughter of old Hamish Laurie. Angus was as lavish as he was hot-blooded, and on one occasion proposed to his love a visit to the Glasgow Art Gallery, the expense of which (he said) he was determined to bear himself.

"Yon wee man," said old Hamish Laurie critically, shaking his head, "is a feckless liberrrrrrtine, I doot."

"Come awa'. Hamish," said old Mrs. Laurie, yammering at him.

As it happened, that very week Mr. Gladstone visited the town on his famous Scottish "tear 'em up" tour, and Angus Pough at once called on the Lauries, explaining that he had been told by a medical friend that art galleries were unhealthy and that the best thing for entertaining girls was a political meeting, for which he had been given tickets. They accordingly attended. Enthusiasm ran high.

"We WILL have Free Trade!" thundered Mr. Gladstone, then known as "The Bird of Freedom," or "Honest John Burns."

"We will not, sir!" shouted a man named J. Obed Smith.

"Do you contradict me, sir?" thundered the great statesman.

"*What about the Balkans?*" shouted J. Obed Smith.

An uproar arose immediately. When calm was restored Mr. Gladstone challenged J. Obed Smith about the Balkans, but J. Obed Smith said he would rather not discuss it in public, because he had an aunt involved in it.

On this Mr. Gladstone, raising his hand, said quietly, with that courteous sympathy for which he was famous: "Boys, Mr. Smith's aunt, Mrs. Butters, is involved in the Balkan problem. A woman's honour is sacred to every Englishman! It——"

"And Scotsman?" queried a shrill voice.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Gladstone, laughing in spite of himself, for he had a sense of humour. "But," he added sternly, "if there is a man here to-night who would strike a woman, or dally with her honour, be he young or be he old, I say—I have no hesitation in affirming—*that man has not the cause of pure Liberalism at heart!*" (Loud applause.)

The upshot of the whole business was that Annie Laurie soon afterwards became local organising secretary of the League of Kind Young Liberal Hearts, and before long attracted the attention of a noted English impresario, Mr. Howard Ashby Montravers, who slipped in one day because the Scott Monument was shut.

After hearing a rousing speech on tariffs from Annie Laurie, Mr. Montravers went immediately up to the platform and offered her a dancing engagement in London.

"There shall be nô good," explained Mr. Montravers, "if there is nôt in London a performance made. Herein is nô good. It shall nôt herein with sôch good, as if in London it should be gifen, no? So."

"Right ho," said Annie Laurie simply.

One success led quickly to another, and thence to marriage (1875) with Disraeli. To Annie Disraeli's *salon* in Curzon Street flocked the cream of London Society. In 1879 Angus Pough called, and was thrown out, afterwards writing the famous song, later sung with much effect by Madame Patti (better known as "The Serpent of Old Nile").

How Annie Disraeli (*née* Laurie) was instrumental in the passing of the Textiles and Mental Hospitals (Relief) Bill; how but for her the famous Bismarck telegram from Ems, which began the Franco-Prussian War, might have been given to a Mrs. Schlosser; how she became the nation's idol during the first Boer War and was known everywhere as "Our Bobs," I cannot relate here.

It is sufficient to repeat the judgment of Roosevelt: "That baby," said the great President and big-game hunter enthusiastically, "can have anything I've got except anything I've got."

D. B. W. L.

"Angus Pough, of Poughkeepsie"

NEXT WEEK:

THE DOLLY SISTERS

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for Mr. Wyndham Lewis's strict adherence to programme, but it is reasonably certain that there will be some Girl Who Has Made History next week.

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

"It's a fair marvel to me 'ow they trains animiles to mike them coats!"

AT THE PLAY

WAR, POET & DEMI-MONDE

By James Challoner

SKETCHES BY H. H. HARRIS

AFTER many dreary months when the stage has suffered from a plethora of feeble productions far outnumbering those worthy of serious attention, it is a pleasant change to find two being presented in one week which are really worthy, and were there such a decoration as the theatrical V.C. it should be pinned to the breasts of R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End,* and Maurice Browne, the actor-manager; the one for writing and the other for staging this play for a run at the Savoy Theatre.

FOR this is a war play—stark war in the trenches—and the general opinion is that from a money-making point of view such a subject is about as valuable nowadays as deferred shares in a greyhound racing company in liquidation. The ordinary commercial manager, had he read the first ten pages, would doubtless have thrown the script aside in disgust. "No one wants war plays," he would have muttered, and then turned with happy anticipation to some libidinous French farce translated into American.

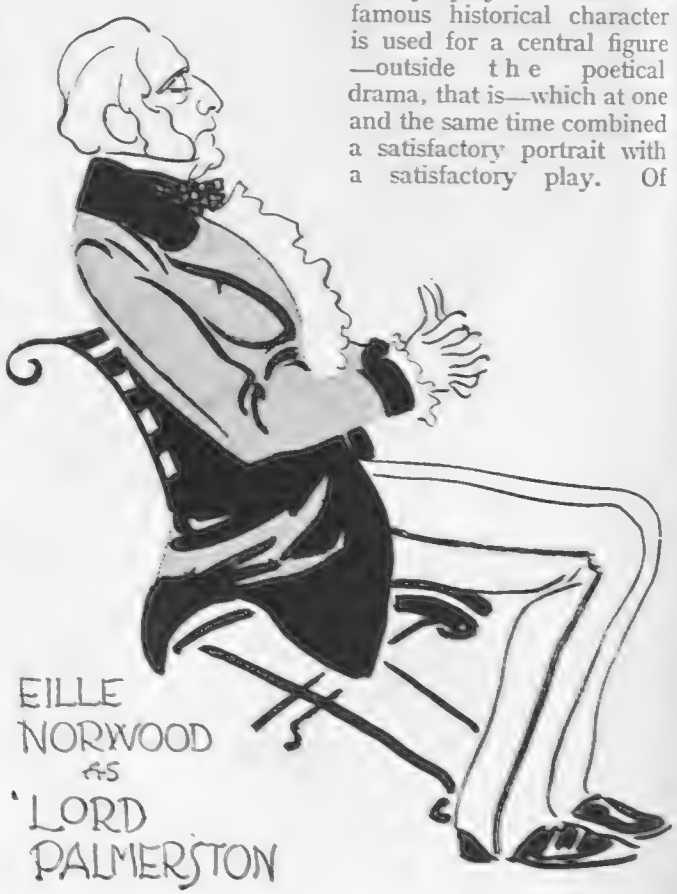
THE commercial manager could hardly be blamed, for since 1918 we have seen many plays dealing with the realities of war, but few have possessed popular appeal. The reason was not so much in the choice of subject, but because they were not good enough to attract. *Journey's End* is good enough, and if the public do not flock to the Savoy Theatre they will miss a great opportunity for enjoyment. Even though the author has deliberately hampered himself in other ways from the accepted box-office viewpoint.

JUST think of it. This play possesses no sex appeal. There is not a woman in the cast—no one who can undress in front of a first-night gallery hysterical with delight. There is not even anything resembling a plot. Our young dramatist merely gives us a series of incidents which go to make up a picture of life in the trenches and the effect of that life on various individuals. Yet so vivid, and so instinct with truth, is the picture, that throughout the evening one's attention is gripped as in a vice.

BUT please don't run away with the idea that this play is a mere compound of the horrors of war. It is true that on occasions it is genuinely moving, but it has its humour, too. Of laughs there are a-plenty, but they are not dragged in for the sake of that awful infliction—comic relief. They are of the very warp and woof of the play. A picture of war, beautifully composed and beautifully painted by a sincere and brilliant artist. That is *Journey's End,* by R. C. Sherriff.

THE acting is in every way worthy of the play. If I single out Colin Clive as an efficient young captain who seeks consolation in the whisky bottle, or George Zucco as an elderly schoolmaster carrying on in a lieutenant's uniform, of Melville Cooper as a middle-aged Cockney second-loot risen from the ranks, or young Maurice Evans as a boy sent to the front almost straight from school, it is only because they have more to do than others in an extraordinarily clever and efficient company.

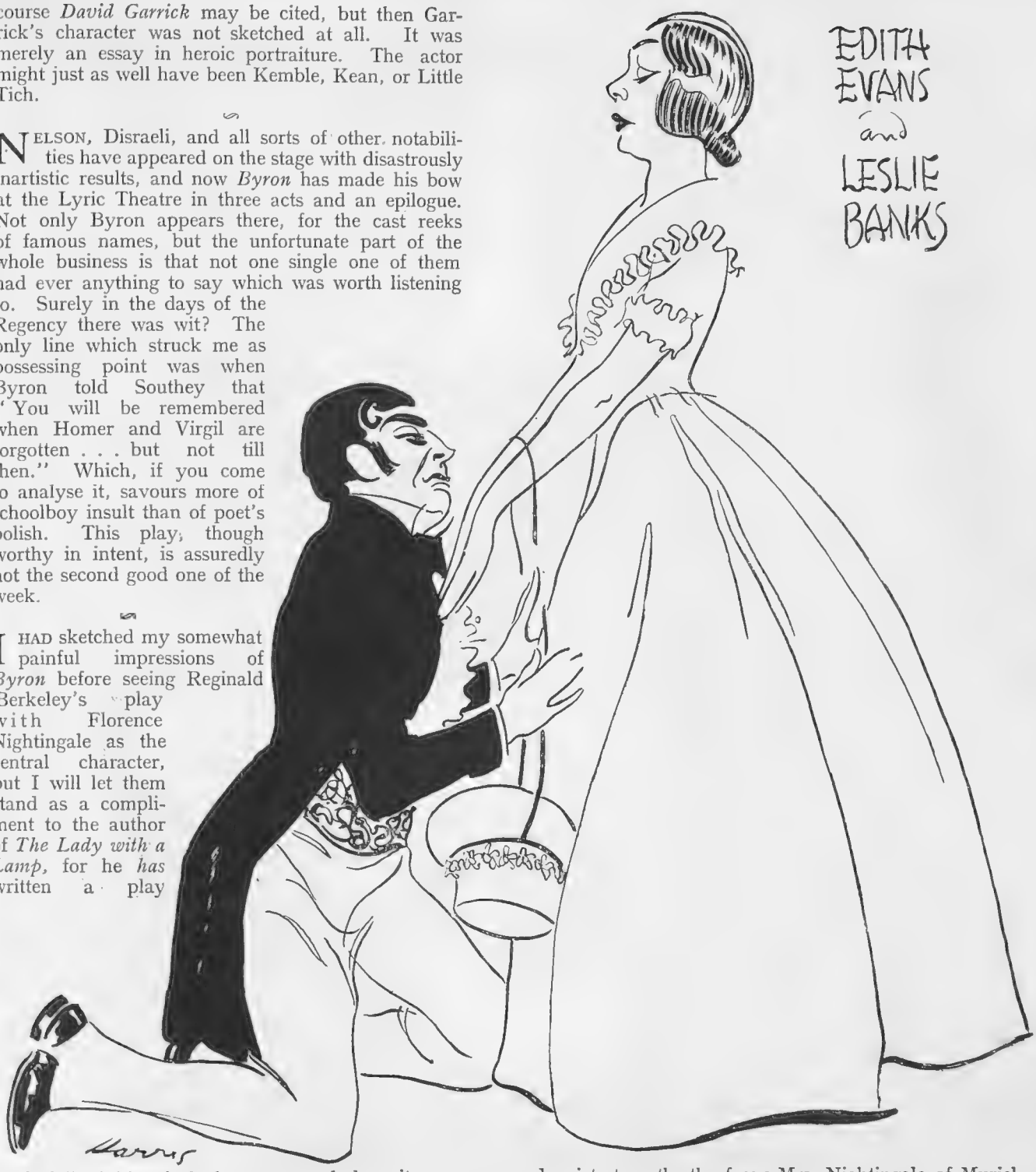
I FIND it difficult to recall any play in which a famous historical character is used for a central figure—outside the poetical drama, that is—which at one and the same time combined a satisfactory portrait with a satisfactory play. Of



course *David Garrick* may be cited, but then Garrick's character was not sketched at all. It was merely an essay in heroic portraiture. The actor might just as well have been Kemble, Kean, or Little Tich.

NELSON, Disraeli, and all sorts of other notabilities have appeared on the stage with disastrously inartistic results, and now *Byron* has made his bow at the Lyric Theatre in three acts and an epilogue. Not only Byron appears there, for the cast reeks of famous names, but the unfortunate part of the whole business is that not one single one of them had ever anything to say which was worth listening to. Surely in the days of the Regency there was wit? The only line which struck me as possessing point was when Byron told Southey that "You will be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten . . . but not till then." Which, if you come to analyse it, savours more of schoolboy insult than of poet's polish. This play, though worthy in intent, is assuredly not the second good one of the week.

I HAD sketched my somewhat painful impressions of *Byron* before seeing Reginald Berkeley's play with Florence Nightingale as the central character, but I will let them stand as a compliment to the author of *The Lady with a Lamp*, for he *has* written a play chock full of historical characters and done it successfully! A feat indeed!



NOT only does Florence Nightingale live in this play, but all the minor characters *are* characters, and not mere puppets with famous names attached to them. The play must, of necessity, be episodic, ranging as it does between the early nineteenth century and 1907, but each scene is well chosen, clear cut, and holds the attention closely, and as it also gives Edith Evans, as Florence Nightingale, a part which is worthy of her artistry, this is another play—not great, but deeply interesting—which should draw the Town.

AMONGST those present—as they say of guests at a fashionable wedding—I particularly appreciated Eille Norwood's picture of Lord Palmerston, full of dignity and quiet strength, the fussy Mrs. Nightingale of Muriel Aked, the early Victorian grace of Gwen ffrangçon Davies as Elizabeth Herbert, and the very moving performance of Leslie Banks as Henry Tremayne, Florence's lover. His death scene in the Scutari Hospital revealed this fine actor and Edith Evans at their very best.

THE fourth play claiming attention is at the Shaftesbury, where Frederick Jackson has provided *Her Past* for Delysia, who, acting in the "legit" for the first time, confirms her present and future as a "straight" actress. It is true that her part of a demi-monde is a showy one, but she gives it just that added touch which lifts the play out of the ruck of mediocrity—a task in which she is ably assisted by Violet Vanbrugh, Paul Cavanagh, Morton Selten, and several other clever artists.

J. C.

The Prince talking to Mrs. Colin Buist at the meet of the Belvoir at Colston Bassett, prior to his tour of the mining areas in the North of England

uho

An astonishing amount of nonsense has been written about the rule, published in the Lord Chamberlain's notice of the Courts, that "no lady who has attended a Court within the last three years can have her name submitted except under very exceptional circumstances." In many quarters it has been taken as an entirely new departure, whereas, as a matter of fact, it has existed since evening Courts were first started.

The idea is, of course, to limit the attendance in view of the increasing number of presentations every year. This rule does not apply to ladies presenting daughters or daughters-in-law, but it does apply to other presentations. Thus a lady could not make a presentation of anyone this year, save a daughter or daughter-in-law, if she had attended a Court two years ago.

The Professional Chaperon

This rule has been rigidly enforced, as many ladies who have airily promised to present people have discovered to their bitter disappointment. So the stories we have been told, *à propos* of the publication of the rule, about women of fashion who make presentations in return for payment being badly hit, are all moonshine. If such arrangements are made the dame who accepts the cheque can only do it once in three years. She can't make a yearly habit of it.

Myself, I think the "professional" introducer to Society has practically gone out of fashion. In late Victorian and in Edwardian times, when big fortunes were being made in industries, there were a fair number of them, who eked out their failing incomes by opening their own and their friends' doors to the daughters of money magnates—and to the magnates themselves, if they were presentable. Americans, South

The Garth Foxhounds met for their "After the Ball Meet" at Easthampstead Park, Wokingham, the seat of the Marquess of Downshire, where there was a record attendance. Our picture shows Miss Sybil Hare, the well-known racehorse owner and rider to hounds

when & where

The Hon. Barbara Cokayne, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Cullen, who was married last Monday to Capt. Van der Nooi, stepson of Archdeacon Daldy. The bride's father is a Director of the Bank of England

Miss Dorothy Hillman, only daughter of Mr. Arthur Hillman, of Dudley. She is to marry Dr. William Tweddell, the amateur golf champion

Miss Nancy Latton-Brown, daughter of Capt. D. Latton-Brown, who is marrying Mr. G. S. Saunders to-morrow (Thursday) at All Saints, Margaret Street. It is also her twenty-first birthday

Africans, and others paid prodigious sums for the pleasure of feeling they were "in Society."

Society is now constituted so entirely differently that rich folk find no difficulty in making acquaintances where they choose, without the need of an intermediary. A few of these intermediaries still exist, but they are well known, and that in itself lessens the value of their services.

A woman who takes payment for a presentation at Court runs the risk of her name being struck off the list, and also being barred from the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Princes in Exile

PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE, the youngest of the late King "Tino's" brothers, and the widower of Mrs. Leeds, the enormously rich American who was known as the "Tin Plate Queen," because her income came from tinplate manufacturing in America, is to marry Princess Françoise of Orléans at Palermo next week.

Princess Françoise is the second daughter of the Duke de Guise, who succeeded to the Orléans pretendership to the French throne three years ago, on the death of his cousin, the Duke d'Orléans. Her elder sister married some little time ago the Duke delle Puglie, the eldest son of the Duke d'Aosta, the cousin of the King of Italy, and heir to the Italian throne after the Prince of Piedmont. Mrs. Leeds, the only American who, so far, has become a royal highness, left Prince Christopher a comfortable income, and he has made a delightful home for himself in Rome, where he and his Orléans bride will take up their abode.

Fraternal Fortunes

OF the four brothers of the late King "Tino," Prince Christopher is the only one who has chosen Italy as the place of sojourn for his exile. Prince George—who married a daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte, a very rich woman through her mother, a daughter of the M. Blanc who founded Monte Carlo—and Prince Andrew—whose wife was a Battenberg and sister-in-law to Princess Beatrice—both live at St. Cloud, near Paris. Prince Nicholas, who married a Russian grand-duchess and has written some interesting memoirs, lives in Paris.

Prince Andrew, you will remember, was tried for his life after his brother's deposition, but was sentenced to exile instead of facing a firing-party.

Hurried to the Grave

PRINCE CHRISTOPHER'S marriage will take place at the Palazzo

THREE WEDDINGS

OUR HARDY GIRLS

A London river girl contemplating the icy Thames before stroking her crew to victory

BRIGHT WEATHER AT NEWBURY 'CHASES

In the sunshine at Newbury are seen some of the runners in the Weyhill Handicap This race was won by Rolie in convincing style

Lord and Lady Ronaldshay caught by the camera at the Newbury 'Chases. These took place in bright but cold weather

Orléans in Palermo, a house left to the late Duke d'Orléans by his uncle, the Duke d'Aumale. The Duke d'Orléans died there of virulent smallpox contracted on a shooting expedition in the Sudan.

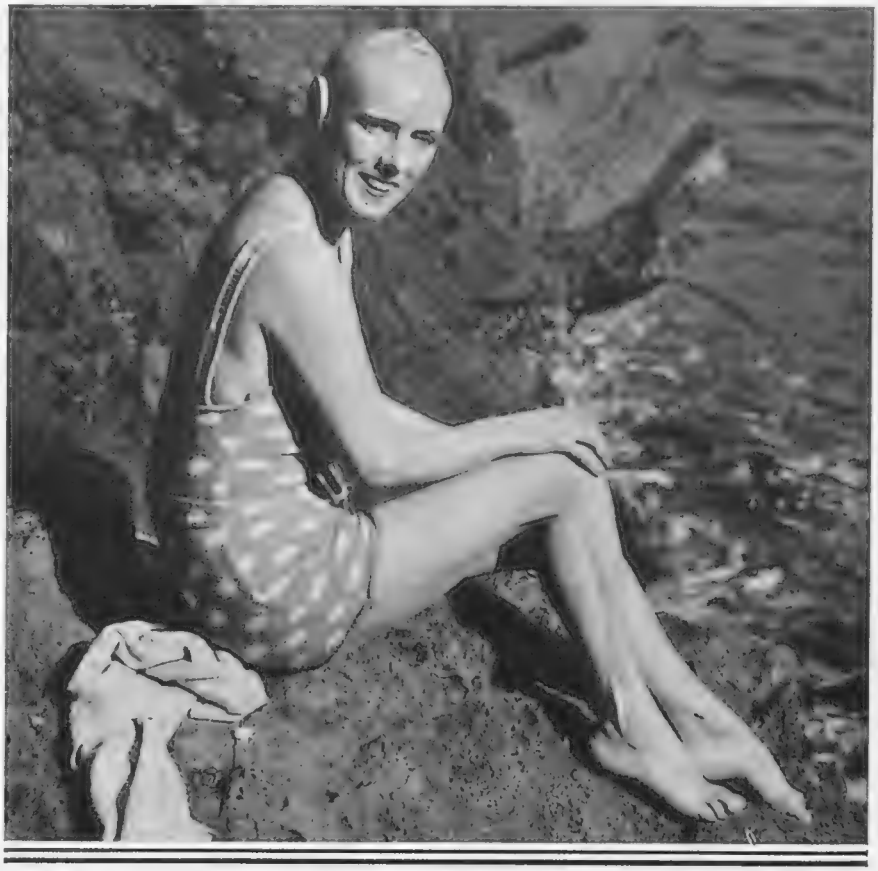
It was a curious ending to his royal pretensions. All his life he had surrounded himself with the pomp and panoply of a reigning sovereign. When he died, owing to the fear of infection, there was no funeral service. His body was taken in a special hearse to the cemetery of St. Ursula, and buried with only a committal service.

Practical Joking

I WONDER if Miss Zita Jungman, now that she is Mrs. James, and grand-daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, will abandon the laurels she has won in the past as an organiser of practical jokes?

There was this to be said for the jokes played by Miss Jungman (Mrs. James, I beg her pardon) and her little coterie. They were played amongst themselves; there was nothing smacking of publicity and advertisement about them.

Unfortunately, this does not apply to the band of young people who



BEAUTY DISGUISED IN A PUCK-LIKE MASK

Mrs. Fenwick, formerly Miss Peggy Marsh, who has frequently acted as hostess to the younger Princes at Melton Mowbray, snapped at Funchal, Madeira, disguising her beauty with one of the now fashionable but ugly rubber head-masks

REJOICINGS AT DOORN, HOLLAND

have followed Mrs. James. Some of these latest "Bright Young Things" had a mock wedding party at a restaurant largely patronised by people who are not of the world in which their parents' birth and income enable these "Bright Young Things" to live.

The sham bridal party was dressed in mockery of what the "Bright Young Things" consider grotesque solecisms in the sartorial code. The sham bridegroom, for instance, wore brown shoes with a black coat and striped trousers. The same note went all through the party.

Ill-bred ?

IF they had chosen to so garb themselves and have the mock breakfast in one of their own houses, that would have been their own affair. But to parade this mockery in a restaurant whose chief *clientèle* comes from the world they were holding up to ridicule is quite another matter. It is on all fours with the imitation and mockery of a lame man's limp.

Obviously, the mock wedding party must have forgotten their nurses' dictum: "Remember you're little ladies and gentlemen, and you must always behave as such."

The ex-Crown Prince with his wife (on his left) and his son, Prince Hubert

The ex-Kaiser's seventieth birthday was an occasion of pompous private functions at Doorn. Many members of the German Loyalist Party attended, though the ex-Kaiser's second wife, Princess Hermine, was prevented from attending by chicken-pox

Three of the ex-Crown Prince's children. Prince Hubert, and the little Princess Alexandrine and Princess Cecilie with their nurse

A Possible Confusion

THE new bride, I suppose, will be styled Mrs. Arthur Walter James to avoid confusion with Mrs. Arthur James, whose house in Grafton Street has been the scene of so much Royal entertaining, both in King Edward's time and during the present reign. Mr. Arthur Walter James is the son of the Hon. Robert James, Lord Northbourne's younger brother. His mother, Lady Evelyn James, was the elder of the Duke of Wellington's two daughters. She died seven years ago. His bride is the daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness by her first marriage.

Etonians and Motors

IF any of our smaller wars have been lost on the playing fields of Eton, at least it must be said that the motor war against foreign cars is being won there. Outside the Fourth of June and St. Andrew's Day I have never seen so many O.E. ties in my life as when the motor world and many others assembled to wish Major Segrave all success on his forthcoming "death ride" at Daytona. "Death ride" is no melodramatic exaggeration of either Major Segrave's or Captain Campbell's attempts. Neither car can be tested to its full speed capacity before the trial, so that after 200 m.p.h. it will be impossible to anticipate the machine's behaviour.

Women Record Breakers

I WAS interested to hear Miss Joe Carstairs, who does in motor boats what Lady Heath is always attempting in light aeroplanes—I mean, break records—telling Major Segrave that she didn't think he had

SIR THOMAS LIPTON AT HOLLYWOOD

On Max Reinhardt s and Lillian Gish's return from Berlin all the film celebrities of Hollywood turned out to meet the train. Mr. Reinhardt is third from the left, Miss Lillian Gish is next to him, and it is scarcely necessary to state to film fans that the hatless gentleman in the centre is Douglas Fairbanks

a chance of beating the Americans with his boat, "Miss England." She maintained that it was underpowered, that he was not allowing himself sufficient time to test her, because speed boats when they are put in the water develop tricks unsuspected on the bench.

Changing Her Sex

MISS CARSTAIRS, if you do not know her, is to be described, I feel, as a masculine type of woman. She has a man's mind, which Mr. Shaw has said means she "has a mind." Also she has a masculine voice. Once, they say, in telephoning the contractors who were building a new boat she pretended to be a male secretary in order to enforce her requests. A day or two later she met the man she had spoken to. "Miss Carstairs," he said, "you know we're only too happy to do anything you want, but we feel we ought to warn you that if ever your secretary puts his face inside these yards he may hurt himself." Miss Carstairs dismissed her "secretary" on the spot.

Eating Doughnuts

FEW of us out of our teens have the temerity to eat a doughnut in public, for it is always attended by such grave risks of a sticky accident, but I saw Mrs. Houghton, wife of the American Ambassador, tackle one with experienced nonchalance at the recent dance of the English Speaking Union. But then American doughnuts are like miniature hoop-la rings, there is no chance of a mine of concealed jam exploding in your face. Pea-nut sandwiches, pop-corn balls, Alaska pie were other buffet Americanisms, and, of course, iced water, but I looked in vain for waffles and "hot-dogs."

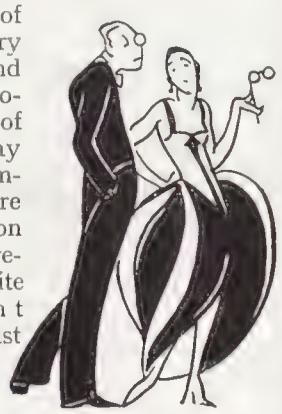
Sir Thomas Lipton renews old studio friendships at Hollywood. On the left is Ellen Beach Yaw, the soprano, and on the right Cecil B. de Mille, the famous producer, hard at work on "Dynamite," certainly a thrilling title

Distinguished Americans

MRS. HOUGHTON did not dance; indeed, it was thought she might have to come in a bath-chair, for she caught her foot in a partially closed coal-shoot some two months ago while visiting in Eaton Square, and her foot is still painful. She brought several members of her husband's staff, including Captain and Mrs. Galbraith, the Naval Attaché; Mr. Belin, the First Secretary, and his wife, and the Assistant to the Military Attaché, Major Harmon, and Mrs. Harmon; Miss Houghton could not come. She is up at Lady Margaret Hall, and has the distinction of representing her University at hockey.

A Popular Protest

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN'S protest against the inclusion of the picture, "The Resurrection," in the Tate Gallery, probably voices the opinion of the majority of the public who saw it when it was first exhibited at the Goupil Galleries nearly two years ago. In some respects it resembles the mural paintings of heaven and hell painted by Benozzo Gozzolli around the cloisters of the cemetery at Pisa, and photographs of which, it may be remembered, were the inspiration of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in the last century.



BY LAURIE TAYLER

CIRCE REVISED

"IF WINTER

"If Winter cubs can Spring be far behind?"
Can cold and frost for ever rule the land?

No! One day we'll awake with joy to fide
The May flowers blossobing od every hand.

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

R COMES . . . "

Thed youth will call us in the old sweet way,
"Cub! Gaily dally bedeath these skies of blue,"
And we with happy hearts shall joid the play,
Udless, of course, we've still *this beastly 'flu!*

B. V. W.

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See ENGLAND First!

By DOROTHY BUCK

THERE is no illusion more satisfying than the one that one is capable of a grand passion. Yet it is noticeable that the grand passions of history were never put to the acid tests of time and over-long proximity! Even Helen had the advantage of being someone else's wife when half the world fell in love with her; even Antony was engaged to a Roman girl belonging to a good county family when he began his inflammatory courtship of Cleopatra. As for Romeo and Juliet, they never got as far as being married, much less divorced, which might so easily have happened in five years' time, with Tybalt cited as co-respondent.

All this, however, is not the point. What I am really getting at is this: the exquisite and admirable pretence that love lasts for ever is essential to the married state. And when you pretend hard enough—as all children know—the thing actually happens! If you stop pretending you not only finish in the divorce court—a passing visit to which institution is almost a necessity of modern life—you begin to live in the place; and, while you can never outstay your welcome from the lawyer's point of view, it must be admitted that exaggeration is the death of good taste. One must have a little *savoir-vivre*.

All this—so obvious, so simple once you have grasped it—should be taught in girls' schools instead of trigonometry, algebra and Greek, all of which fade from their innocent minds immediately they have left school, whereas every word that Michael Arlen ever wrote remains engraved on their hearts like Calais on Queen Mary's. It was because Berenice knew nothing about it all that she made her preposterous agreement with Stephen. . . . The English climate, which is ever on the side of the angels, saved her.

Their marriage was to be entirely different from everyone else's marriage. (I mention this to prove to you the entire normality of the affair.) They loved each other madly, but they might not always love each other madly. When Stephen's hand on her arm ceased to communicate a sensation to her spine as if a feverish mouse had suddenly run up it . . . it is possible to describe this more poetically, but not more accurately . . . when, in short, they were perfectly certain they never could recapture that first fine careless rapture . . . then they were to tell each other.

Openly. Frankly. Idiotically. . . .

Neither of them was to be angry or resentful. They were to tell each other who the other person was . . . they were to decide what to do. Anything they did they were to do openly. There were to be no dramatic notes . . . "Forgive me if you can. It has been my fault as much as yours. I have gone away with the man who really loves me!" . . .

No. They were to be the only couple who had ever dared to tell each other the truth—and act on it.

This was why she said to him one night, with a certain flaming impetuosity that might have seemed anger in another woman: "You're in love with Floria Delsarte. Don't deny it!"

He had not had time to open his mouth yet. He simply gasped at her, dumbfounded. This was the first he had heard of it. Now that she had suggested it, he began to wonder if it was true.

"I . . . how do you know? . . . what on earth do you mean?" he stammered.

"I don't mind in the least . . . but why didn't you tell me?" She tore a handkerchief to pieces in the approved fashion: almost as if she were really jealous.

"Because I didn't know," he said truthfully. And, stung to action: "And if it comes to that, what about you and David Pirello?"

"But I don't deny anything!" she said proudly.

He stared at her: at this amazing creature, who had the effortless, unmysterious beauty of the modern woman who reveals her knees, her spine down to the eleventh vertebra, and her heart, usually worn on the sleeve. She was technically perfect: but there was more sex appeal in the flutter of her grandmother's fan. Her eyes, as they met his, had the limpid clarity of a Victorian maid's as she listened to her first proposal. She said:

"As a matter of fact, he has been asking me to leave you for quite a long time . . ."

"Nice to know," said Stephen, thunderously.

"Yes. I told him that I shouldn't leave you definitely . . . until I had absolutely decided that I meant to go away with him for good. I told him that I'd go away with him *to see*. Then, if I really love him, you can divorce me . . ."

"Like me to get your tickets for you?"

HE knew he was not behaving in the right way—not in the sophisticated way they had planned if such a contingency ever occurred. But his sensations were primitive for an instant. He simply wanted to go and push the feller's face in. Only the reflection that this was not done in 1928 restrained him—one asked him to dinner, instead. Doubtless he *had* asked him to dinner already, little knowing!

"Listen," she continued rapidly. "It has been wonderful, our marriage. But we knew—we were too horribly clever about it all—that it couldn't last. For eighteen months we adored each other—for six months we wondered if we really loved each other. For six more months we haven't thought about it at all. And now we're—where lots of other people are, only *we're* going to do the sensible thing. We're still pals, we're still fond of each other—we won't burn our boats till we're sure. Haven't you got the courage to try an experiment?"

"Certainly," said Stephen, now inwardly raging. "I reserve the liberty, of course, to . . . er . . . carry out my side of it. That is, if . . ."

"Oh, she will!" said Berenice.

"Where," he remarked, with dangerous calm, "does he propose to take you?"

"He suggested the ends of the earth," said Berenice, with a gleam of humour.

"A little hackneyed," commented Stephen. "He means the Italian Riviera. Will you notify me when you have made up your mind? And when, by the way, are you going?"

"When *you* go," said Berenice, "I don't want," she added considerately, "to leave you to cope with the cook."

"You think of everything!"

"You're taking this the wrong way," she protested. "Don't you realise it was inevitable? Only we're giving ourselves a loophole by being absolutely frank. If I come back to you it will be for good. All love, I suppose, is a passing fancy, the test of its reality is how long it takes to pass. If it is going to take us ten years—we shall do the obvious thing. If it is just a phase it will have been—what do they say?—a lesson to us!"

She paused at the door on the way to her room. "Don't make a scandal for nothing," she warned him kindly. "If you *should* have the delightfully archaic thought of preserving her reputation, it is so easy to choose a remote enough spot. Thus, in case you should find it was a failure . . ."

He begged her, savagely, not to concern herself with his probable plans. She had the charming audacity to wish him luck.

Then he paced up and down, stamping loudly in the

(All rights strictly reserved)

hope of waking her. His fair, good-looking face took on a more and more florid shade. He had *not* been ready to declare that everything was over: he had wanted to nibble at his new cake—Floria—and keep the other one—Berenice—by him, in case of accidents. This, of course, *was* what he was being allowed to do. But with a difference . . .

He wished she had been really jealous, tigerish, made a scene, madly accused him . . . . then wept in his arms. If she had put poison in his tea it would have seemed natural and womanly. Or even hung on to him in the good old way . . .

But there was the other man!

He set his teeth. "All right," he thought, "all right! We're for it. This is the finish. Her fault. All *her* fault."

This comforted him.

IN Torcastle-by-the-Sea there is a big hotel whose advertisements one sees everywhere under the inspiring headline of "See England First!" In it or in its grounds you can play billiards, squash, golf or tennis, you can boat, you can go to the cinema, you can dine in princely fashion, and what is better than all, you run no risk of falling into any of the people you know, because they are all at Cannes or Biarritz, busy not seeing England first, and losing their money in foreign casinos.

The staff was fully occupied at the moment. In No. 1 suite, which was fit for a prince, there was a beautiful and expensive woman with an adoring companion, who kept continually ringing the bell and asking for impossible things which it would be thought no hotel could produce and which this one produced instantly. In No. 2 suite, which was fit for a maharajah, there was another beautiful and expensive woman, also with an adoring companion, and who rang the bell even more frequently and asked for even more impossible things than the other.

Outside it rained softly and persistently, for this was the English Riviera . . .

Inside, in Suite No. 1, all was gloom, in spite of the marvellous pair of purple and gold bedragoned pyjamas in which a moodily handsome young man, holding a violin, strolled perpetually up and down. In an easy chair, sniffing at a five shilling rose in a delicate and disdainful manner, was a young woman in one of these marvellous Paris négligées whose *raison d'être* Englishwomen do not seem to understand. It was twelve o'clock. She put down the rose in favour of a Martini that stood invitingly at her elbow.

"I do wish, David," she observed gently, "that you didn't have to walk up and down the whole time—except when you are scratching away morbidly at your violin."

"It is one way of taking exercise," said the dark young man gloomily. "What can one do in this hole? Now, if we had been at Nice! . . . There is something about this place, I do not know what it is . . . but what a spot to bring a woman with whom one is in love! Ever since you have been here you have developed inhibitions and complexes and what-not. I am not surprised. It is the rain, the gloomy atmosphere, the fearful hereditary feeling of respectability. I believe Queen Victoria spent her honeymoon here with Albert the Good! How is one to make love to a woman on a day like this?"

"You are not required to—yet," she reminded him gently, sipping her cocktail.

"What folly!" he cried explosively. "I have kept my word—I have behaved like a gentleman! I mean, of course, like a fool . . . but what is the good of it all? How is this going to help you to decide anything? Love-making is my forte, not speech-making . . . if I am not even permitted to take you in my arms ——"

"Be careful," she said unemotionally, as he immediately did that which he had stated he was not permitted to do. "You are spilling my cocktail ——"

Prudently she drank it, while he remained, kneeling at her feet and encircling her with two imperious arms. Then she said, explanatorily: "You knew my idea, David, before we started. Before I . . . before we . . . anyhow, I wanted to see just what you were like when we were alone together—what sort of a companion you would make, when we had no other distractions. Call it, if you like, a preliminary canter, a sort of . . . companionate liaison!"

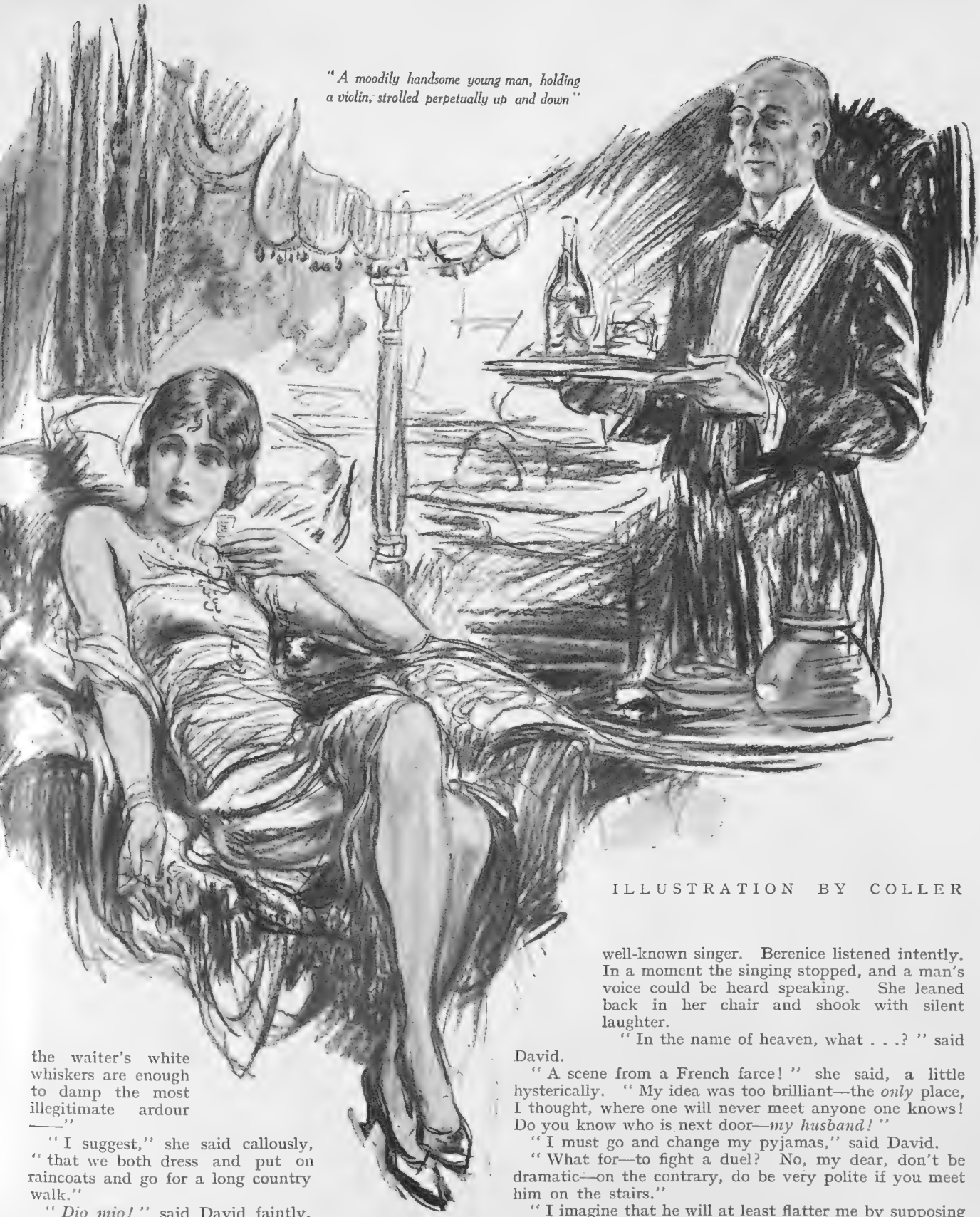
"It has not occurred to you," he remarked, still holding her, "that it is a little like playing Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark?"

"Perhaps," she murmured. "But I wanted to read the play first . . ."

The young man kissed her with a Latin warmth. Berenice submitted to this with an intent expression, analysing her own sensations, which were nil. She sighed.

"Yes," she said, "I think I must have an inhibition. I must consult someone about it. I like you so much. I quite thought I loved you. But . . ."

"No woman can be unfaithful to her husband in England," he said despairingly. "That is the reason why the cross-Channel services are so crowded. If I had you in Paris—in Nice—in Italy! Anywhere but in this decaying spot! What can one do—what can one say? Even



"A moodily handsome young man, holding a violin, strolled perpetually up and down"

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLER

the waiter's white whiskers are enough to damp the most illegitimate ardour ——"

"I suggest," she said callously, "that we both dress and put on raincoats and go for a long country walk."

"*Dio mio!*" said David faintly.

"If it had been fine we could have gone to see the Natural Arch . . ."

"Oh, my God!"

"Or the view from Rabbacombe Downs . . ."

"*Mon Dieu, mais vous voulez ma mort!*"

"Speak English," she begged him. "Listen, what's that? At least, we have a concert next door."

Through the wall which separated them from the next suite there came the sound of a woman's voice, sweet and loud, singing a well-known song, the creation of a certain well-known singer. Berenice listened intently. In a moment the singing stopped, and a man's voice could be heard speaking. She leaned back in her chair and shook with silent laughter.

"In the name of heaven, what . . .?" said David.

"A scene from a French farce!" she said, a little hysterically. "My idea was too brilliant—the *only* place, I thought, where one will never meet anyone one knows! Do you know who is next door—*my husband!*"

"I must go and change my pyjamas," said David.

"What for—to fight a duel? No, my dear, don't be dramatic—on the contrary, do be very polite if you meet him on the stairs."

"I imagine that he will at least flatter me by supposing that he ought to knock me downstairs, if he sees us. Or will he invite me to a cocktail? He owes it to me to suspect the worst, but you English are the most incomprehensible race. I could almost believe it was he who put you in the train and sent you down here with a vague notion of testing your virtue. Unhappily, you have emerged scatheless . . ."

"I don't think you have anything to fear from Stephen, anyhow," she pointed out. "*He* isn't alone, either."

"The voice is the voice of Floria Delsarte, the con-

cert singer. If you are sure he won't want to fight me we might at least make a four at Bridge."

"I am afraid," she said drily, "that he *would* want to, afterwards . . . I know your Bridge! No, there's no danger of any drama, but I think we had better keep where we are. It might be awkward if we met them in the lift."

"Is there nothing one can do in this hotel when it rains?" she said despairingly to the waiter, who had come in. "And does it rain all the time?"

"First drop of rain we've had for weeks, Madam," said the waiter glibly. "Plenty of entertainment in the hotel, Madam. After lunch there will be the cinema . . ."

David groaned heavily and drank another cocktail.

The waiter sighed. "This evening," he pronounced, "there will be a whist drive in the Central 'All."

"My God . . ." murmured David.

The waiter shook his head.

"Put on your raincoats, Madam, you and the gentleman," he advised, "and if I may make so bold, go for a good long walk . . ."

THE beautiful and expensive lady next door sat down at the piano immediately after lunch and sang three songs in rapid succession. Stephen felt that he could not digest properly to music. Presently he could bear it no longer.

"You know, darling," he said, "you ought to be very careful not to overstrain your voice."

"It is extraordinary how unmusical you are, Stephen!" She let her hands drop from the piano keys, twisted her little head round on its columnar throat and smiled at him over her shoulder.

"I don't think I am unmusical," protested Stephen, "I rather like opera. When Berenice and I were on our honeymoon we went to Bayreuth ——"

"Did you bring me here to talk about your wife?"

"Well—not exactly."

"Ever since you have been here," she continued wildly, "you have behaved like that! When an Englishman breaks his marriage vows everyone can hear the smash! You are too heavy-handed, too clumsy! I feel sure you noted in your pocket-book, with deliberation, that on Thursday you would commit . . . but you are not even listening to what I say!"

"Yes, I am," said Stephen guiltily. "Go on, Floria. I *did* hear. You said I noted in my pocket-book that on Thursday ——"

"And you are not even angry!" cried Floria. "Mon Dieu! Is that the stuff of which lovers are made? No, Stephen, no matter where you were you would remain English—yes, even in Andalusia, in the warm nights of Spain, yes, even in the Caribbean, where one dreams on the white sand under the stars."

"One doesn't," remarked Stephen logically, "change one's nationality every time one takes a Cook's ticket. You know I'm crazy about you."

He tried to infuse a little fire into his tone, but this is difficult on a rainy afternoon in Torcastle. The conviction was borne in on him that what he really needed, after that Chateau Yquem, was a pleasant little nap. But Floria stormed on in her beautiful, rich voice.

"Crazy? Before I came away with you I thought you loved me. Now I know it is all a mistake. Ah, if you had listened to me and come out of this depressing country, how happy we might have been! This"—she made fevered, savage gestures with her little hands—"stifles me—chokes me! This everlasting rain—this ghastly hotel!—this unutterable place!"

"Well, there's no harm done," said Stephen pacifically. He met her glance and hastily continued:

"You're right, Floria—it's not the place for . . . well, I mean, it simply is *not* the place. It's not only the rain, I don't know if you've noticed it, but there are church bells everlastingly ringing somewhere, and when I ought to be making an inflammatory declaration I'm hanged if I don't find myself mechanically repeating the Lord's Prayer. *And* there's that infernal violinist next door everlastingly scraping away at his instrument. It gets on my nerves!"

"He plays marvellously!" stormed Floria. "It is David Pirello—I recognise his touch anywhere. Why do you start like that?—don't you know that one musician who has ever heard another is not mistaken? If you don't want him to play send him a message!"

"No—rather not. If you're sure it's he . . . I'd rather he went on playing," stammered Stephen.

"I do not know what you want, and nor do you," she said viciously. "Ring the bell!"

In a moment a weary waiter put his head in at the door for the eleventh time. Last time it had been orchids, the time before strawberries, and before that a kitten to play with.

"Anything I can get you, Madam?"

"Yes," said Floria majestically, "a time-table!"

"Thank God," thought Stephen devoutly.

"I shall go to-morrow morning!"

"Oh, hell . . ." thought Stephen.

He knew that a woman never goes to-morrow morning. Either at once, like a whirlwind, or else she sticks on, like a limpet.

FROM Suite No. 1 there came the tortured wail of a violin. From Suite No. 2 a marvellous voice rippled in silvery cascades of sound. Occasionally each stopped to listen to the other, but hours passed, and they were still at it. Meanwhile a man in a dark overcoat slunk down the stairs in a furtive fashion, buttonholed the manager, and demanded a car to take him to the station instantly. The manager regretted, but all cars were engaged, the hotel 'bus was, however, waiting to start.

In the corner of this conveyance was sitting a figure muffled to the attractive tip of its nose in sables. The man in the dark overcoat stepped in, settled himself in his corner, and stared out at the moist panorama. Directly the 'bus started he changed sides, sat down next the lady, and pulled the furs away from her startled face.

"I thought so," he said, "Berenice!"

"What," she gasped, "are *you* doing—running away?"

"For that matter, what are you doing? This is an extraordinarily compromising situation for us. *They* won't realise it is an accident—they will think we have eloped. Tell me," he added anxiously, "was it a success?"

"Does it look like it?" she asked him.

"I," he said with satisfaction, "have behaved like an unutterable cad. But she would keep on singing."

"I believe they will console each other. Then, was that why you came away?"

"What else?" he retorted morosely.

"I was wondering . . ."

In the pause that followed he studied her small, calm face. He realised that, to him, she had become an entirely different woman. He took her hand. There was no resulting thrill: but it fitted . . . .

He said: "This was your idea. But why did you have to choose the same hotel! It wasn't a fair test. The very first night I recognised your scent in the corridor. And when I heard the violin . . . Have we made unpardonable fools of ourselves—or not?"

She remained silent.

"There is one thing," he said, "that I should like to know ——"

"If you are good at guessing," she remarked, "you will probably find out. But I have not made up my mind *yet*. I have discovered that I am not in love with anyone else. But I have not discovered whether I can do without you. I think I want to try—well, call it a companionate divorce this time!"

"Call it what you like," said Stephen. "But in order to do it in style we ought to run away together first. *Not* Torcastle . . . Let us go to the Caribbean, where you lie on the white sand and dream under the stars . . ." he added in an inspired fashion.

Berenice had not known Stephen could have a thought like that. It occurred to her to wonder if she had ever really known him. She shut her eyes, to imagine the Caribbean, and Stephen kissed her . . .

D. B.

THE BRITISH SKI TEAM FOR POLAND

WITH A SWISS SETTING

Photographs Central News and Central Press

The group above is the British Ski team to compete for the International Ski Championship. Reading from left to right are: Mr. Harold Mitchell, Mr. W. J. Riddell, Miss Sole Barker, Mr. W. Bracken (captain), Miss Doreen Elliott, and Mr. E. W. A. Richardson. In the background is the famous Wetterhorn seen from Grindelwald

PARIS GOSSIP

ROYALIST REVELS & ROWS

By JAY MARTIN *Sketches by SCHUS*

"Up strode Guy, who gave Henri a punch"

THE Royalist party is simply gloating over the *Gazette du Franc*, the *Quotidien*, and the Klotz scandals, which involve so many Republican politicians. Leon Daudet, from his hiding-place in Belgium, is writing to his *Action Française*, saying the most disagreeable things about everybody in the Government. And the "Action" is proudly printing a list of youths who, for their noble cause, have spent a few days in prison. "Les Camelots du Roi" are boys of Royalist sympathies, who enjoy getting in rows, and the other day they paraded the boulevards denouncing a Republic which elects, and keeps, Ministers who have great abilities at swindling the people.

THE two favourite days for staging fights are the birthday of St. Jeanne d'Arc and the yearly mass for Louis XVI. There is something romantic and chivalrous about the Camelots du Roi. A short while ago, at a dance, a boy whom I will call Guy (his name being Guy) was youthfully enamoured of a girl, and nearly died of rage when one of his crowd, whom I will call Henri, and who is the tallest man in Paris, lifted from the floor Guy's best girl and kissed her. I am sure that the English consider the French a most immoral lot, but just try to kiss a French *jeune fille* and see what happens. . . . Guy, of course, was about to *casser la gueule* of Henri, but considered his hostess and kept his temper. A few days later the boys met before an up-town cinema. Up strode Guy, who gave Henri a punch, and the latter simply collapsed, falling to the street. Guy was a bit alarmed, but at the same time rather proud of his punch. Some friends gathered, and while waiting for Henri to pull up his six or seven feet, Guy learned, to his embarrassment, that it was not his fist that had vanquished Henri. The latter, two or three days previous, had been stabbed in a Royalist street-fight, and was in a very weakened condition. Guy apologised and called Henri, despite his predilection for kissing other fellows' girls, a noble youth. And now the tall Henri is out in Hollywood, studying the direction of moving pictures. And I suppose that he can kiss all the girls he likes without being slapped for it. . . .

THE Salon des Indépendants is open, and one sees hundreds of attempts at imitating the style of recognised painters. I don't see anything very Indépendant about that, do you? Artists exhibit at this Salon because there is no jury, and yet on the walls are dozens of plagiarised Paul Signacs, Signac being the chief of the Indépendants. It is all very puzzling.

BUT I have just seen a much more Indépendant art exhibition than that. I saw one where the artist was so Indépendant that he didn't want to show his paintings to me, and asked me not to write about them, besides. So I lied and promised not to mention them. I just lied in his face, and had lunch from a modern metal and glass table recently brought from Germany.

THIS unusual artist is José-Maria Sert, the Spaniard, and he does

"His wife arose and fairly pulled her husband with her"

MISTINGUETT AND "MOMMA"

the most glorious mural and ceiling decorations. He works at the top of his two-story studio, while his wife, who is a sculptor, works downstairs. On the lower floor Sert keeps models of some of the rooms which he has painted. One could hardly call his style adorable, but, reduced down to the scale of a miniature room, the schemes for decoration are so delicious that I nearly ate one model. It was about three feet by four, and colour sketches for the murals were set in the little walls and between mirrors. The room is to be in Brussels in the house of the Baronne Paul de Becker, a daughter of Lambert de Rothschild. It is perfectly beautiful, and I would like to order one just like it, as it cannot cost a bit more than ten or fifteen thousand pounds. I also saw a ballroom Sert painted for Philip Sassoon. But there was one model, although magnificent, I could not use—decorations for a Cathedral town near Barcelona.

THIS being my week for art, I went to see Jacques-Emile Blanche, who lived for so long in England. Most of his portraits, including the Beardsley, which is in the National Gallery, have remained in England. He has had a most marvellous life and has stopped painting for a while in order to write about the people who have sat for him. His new book, "Mes Modèles," contains brilliant essays on George Moore, Henry James, and Thomas Hardy. In May he is to give an exhibition in Paris at the Charpentier Gallery.

THE idea of this show is tremendously interesting; it will be a gathering of portraits which will illustrate the changes in fashions during the painter's lifetime. Already in his studio, waiting to be shown again, are pictures of the Duchess of Rutland, the Marchioness of Anglesey, the Honourable Violet Trefusis, and Lady Michelham, each subject painted in different epochs of the sitters' lives.

WHEN Jack Smith made his first appearance in France at the Palace Theatre every stall was booked by English and Americans. Whether that fact was responsible for the disturbance I do not know. A French voice from the gallery called out, "Sing (or whisper) in French." Nothing, however, seemed to affect Jack's smile. A more logical Frenchman shouted out that Maurice Chevalier, when in London, sang in French, and that his annoyed compatriot should be quiet. The latter replied that it was quite a different case. For two or three performances following the galleries were kept lighted during Jack's turn. Except for a few disagreeable chauvinists of song, his treatment by the French was most enthusiastic, and it was impossible to approach the Victor gramophone headquarters on the afternoon when Smith autographed his records. The Victor Company is paying for Jack's tour, as no Continental music-halls could afford to pay him. From Paris he is going to Sweden. I hope no disgruntled Nordic will ask for songs in Swedish.

MISTINGUETT, as I hinted last week, is being utterly unpleasant because Elsie Janis is the star at the Moulin Rouge. Elsie, by the way, is not appearing for a short time, because she really *has* influenza. Just to complicate things, Mistinguett padlocked the star's dressing-room at the theatre, so while Elsie is ill I am surprised that her "momma" did not give Mistinguett a swift kick, just to make all things equal.

A REVOLUTION has been going on among the dressmakers. Some have forbidden the hordes of American buyers who are now in Paris to view their collections if accompanied by artists or fashion writers. In a way, the dressmakers are right, because a sketch can be telegraphed to New York, and the models made up there, which, of course, is exceedingly bad for French business. The other day, at a collection, I saw a buyer, accompanied, not by an artist, but by his wife. The buyer was not at all impressed by the models, and looked quite bored, until a perfectly beautiful mannequin appeared wearing a very advance-model pair of pyjamas. He came to life at once and said enthusiastically, "I am going to take that one." His wife arose and fairly pulled her husband with her. The poor man looked so embarrassed I am sure he will never return to that house, even to look at things less alluring. J. M.

A Franco-German theatrical rapprochement! Spadaro, the famous comedian of the Moulin Rouge, Paris, with his partner, Mary Ditrix, are playing in Berlin in a scene at the Kabarett der Komiker, and both are enjoying German hochs as a reward for their dual turn

A RUGGER REVERIE

A SWAN(SEA) SONG

By PENDARVES

FROM Edinburgh to Swansea is a long way; for the Scottish team almost a Crusaders' expedition, and they arrive subdued, dour of mien, and self-effacing, as is the way of a Scot when he is not sure of his ground at a game or at a business. The Welsh town on the Friday evening before an International has given itself over to riotous living; is almost bursting with optimism, and has voiced its views on victory so persistently and often that it has acquired in the process a most terrible thirst. Part-songs rend the air; patriotic choruses about the land of their fathers grow from crescendo to fortissimo as the evening advances. And in the welter and the tumult the Scotsman moves warily and goes to bed early. He is saying nothing about the side he has come to see; he makes no rash assertions and no bets; he remains silently puzzled at this frenzy of excitement on the part of the populace, and not a little anxious of his country's chances on the morrow. If drink the Scotsman must he drinks suspiciously alone in some quiet corner of a bar, feeling rather homesick for the Central, Glasgow.

By Mac

W. M. Simmers and J. B. Nelson, of the Glasgow Academicals, who were a pair of Scotland's stalwarts against Wales

SWANSEA on the Saturday morning, in spite of the pink-and-purple Friday night, is full of song again. A swan song, maybe, but nevertheless a song, sung by any number of men who can get their heads near each other. And the gloom round the watching Scot thickens as the hour approaches noon. Now observe Swansea at lunch time. Into the drab town have slid a few score excursion trains, decanting a few more thousand singers. The streets are a jostling maze of excited humanity. Most of them still cling to the emblem of the leek, despite the official daffodil. A mingling Englishman has merely to look pleasant and friendly to be offered a dozen leeks—no charge. And to be addressed in an utterly foreign tongue, which he is expected to understand. It is advisable for him to tread circumspectly too, for the Rugger-mad Welshman on a National day will stand no nonsense from anyone.

IF you want to see life, with a capital L, wedge yourself into the thickest portion of the Swansea crowd near the touchline about 2 p.m. An experience not likely to be forgotten. There is an air of impending battle in most men's eyes. Nobody understands better than these myriad masterful men the fine points of the game that is about to be played, and none are prepared to express their opinions more forcibly. So keep quiet, you foreigners. When a Welshman is under stress of mind, when his nerves are on edge, when a fight is toward, he must needs burst into song. It comforts him in some quite unaccountable but very definite manner, and it has an eerie, frightening effect upon the partisans of the opposing side.

LISTEN! From that black mass of human forms close packed over there, on the other side of the misty ground, under the stand, comes a sound—a low, throbbing note of rich baritones and basses. One of the most beautiful, unnerving, and dramatic moments this, in all your Rugger days. The crowd is beginning to chant its dirge *en masse*. It is at once a battle threat, a prayer, and a pæan of triumphant anticipation. If you are Scottish or English or Irish you will remain rooted in wrapt and silent attention, overawed, full of admiration, queerly excited yourself. If you are Welsh you will sing too.

IF there be any reader of mine who has never heard a Welsh Rugger crowd working itself up before its chosen men appear to fight its battle, let him spare no effort to go down one day and hear it just once. For in that unified chanting of ten thousand voices, trained by a deep-seated heredity to sing truly and melodiously, the spirit of the game and all that it means to us less emotional English and Scottish men, will breathe warmly, faithfully, and with a hint of fury in its undertones. To the end that the whole vast assembly seems to vibrate with virtue and venom and virility. But here come the blue jerseys and the red. Down pens. No more talking. No more singing. No more futile argument. They've kicked off! They're at it! Look you, now. . . .

I REGRET to report that my good friends the Scots are losing their keen sense of humour. Five highly intelligent Scottish folk sat near me at a luncheon table in one of their cities the other day and assured me gravely and with emphatic insistence ["But fancy *you* not knowing, after having written so much on Rugby football,"] that England's team always has a five-pound note put into their boots in the dressing-room during the progress of an International. Who puts it there, please? Why, one of the Selection Committee, of course.

ISN'T it "*too* sweet"? as the feminine gossip writer would say. One can't be angry with them, poor things, for they are so deadly serious about it all. Visions of certain portly members of our Selection Committee continually recur to me as they bend, grunting, over boots on the floor of the dressing-room. Can't you *see* them doing it? And does it not make you laugh as I am laughing now? And why the *boot*, anyway? What is the matter with our trouser pockets?

"What causes that?" as one of the Two Black Crows would say. I'll tell you. The little germ of jealousy, my masters, which gnaws at the vitals of otherwise healthy men. Yes, *sir*.

The BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1929

AT THE WENTWORTH CLUB, VIRGINIA WATER

(STATION—VIRGINIA WATER, S.R.)

Sport and General

Last year's winning pair, H. C. Jolly and Miss M. Gregory, of Foxgrove Club, showing the trophy and a replica (below) of the cups presented to the annual winners

CONDITIONS of the CONTEST

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same Club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4.

Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.

Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

All ties for first, second or third places must be played off next day over 18 holes unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

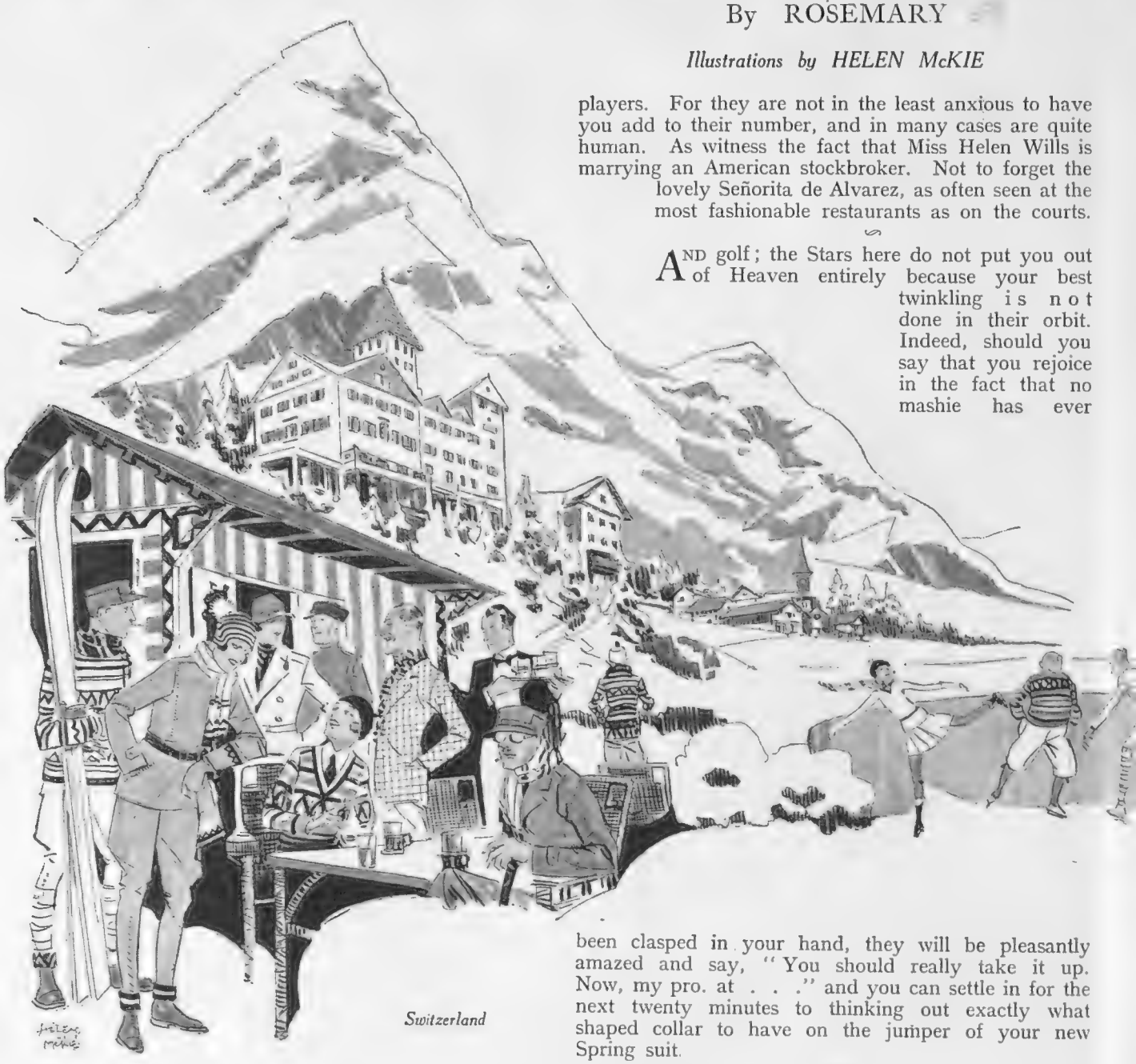
All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicaps, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision shall be final. A DRAW will be made for starting times.

Invitations have been issued to 70 clubs in and around London. All competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18th, 19th and 20th, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

GETTING EVEN with the SPORTS-SNOB

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE



Switzerland

THIS is the time of year when the Sports virus is at its deadliest. For beside the perennial Hearty who is always with us there is a strong reinforcement coming across to the attack from Switzerland. And it sweeps all before it. For there is *nothing* to be done against the man or woman who takes the offensive with the inevitable: "Have you been to Switzerland?"

I OFTEN wonder what would happen if you said you had, and added: "I suppose *you* haven't?" Probably they wouldn't notice. They would go on just the same. Because, after all, as they hadn't met you in their particular hotel in their particular part of the country, you might just as well be numbered among the Philistines who haven't been at all.

FOR of all the Sports-Snobs the one who has been to winter sports is the worst. You can cope with the winners of games tournaments, even the lawn tennis players. For they are not in the least anxious to have you add to their number, and in many cases are quite human. As witness the fact that Miss Helen Wills is marrying an American stockbroker. Not to forget the lovely Señorita de Alvarez, as often seen at the most fashionable restaurants as on the courts.

AND golf; the Stars here do not put you out of Heaven entirely because your best twinkling is not done in their orbit. Indeed, should you say that you rejoice in the fact that no mashie has ever been clasped in your hand, they will be pleasantly amazed and say, "You should really take it up. Now, my pro. at . . ." and you can settle in for the next twenty minutes to thinking out exactly what shaped collar to have on the jumper of your new Spring suit.

BUT those who have Been-to-Switzerland! They have a language of their own. If you try to take an intelligent interest and ask them how they liked "bobbing" on the Cresta they will smile and observe that it is excellent sport to "ride" the Cresta on a "skeleton." Not but that the girl-friends' wings have been rather clipped in that respect this year, as the St. Moritz Club forbade women to undertake the ride. This, of course, gives an excellent opportunity for still further heartiness on the part of the super Sports-Snobs, and you will hear many lamentations about the rule from those who are profoundly thankful for it! Lady Ribblesdale was one of those who really did make a daily habit of this perilous little bit of exercise, but she has never had more than ten rivals or so throughout the season.

AND then their clothes. They chose the one perfect outfit. And found the one perfect face cream that saved them from any disastrous after-effects of the bright glare from the snow. And fancy dress. They

won the prize for originality. Extraordinary, by the way, isn't it, how many of our friends distinguish themselves in this respect when we're not there? I sometimes think on board some of these liners that make fashionable cruises they must sell the prizes with the tickets.

OF course, it isn't really difficult to get into "the Enclosure," so to speak. It's far easier, for instance, than thinking you'll get *G. B.* put on your car cheaply by only taking it as far as the Irish Free State. To do that, my dears, you have to undergo a driving *test*. Think of that! When as a free British citizen you hold a perfectly good licence that cost you 5s. To "do" the winter sports is really simple.

YOU want to do it cheaply? And with the minimum risk to life and limb, as you are probably a complete Physical Coward? Here we may remark that this sort of courage is always supposed to be negligible, and you may consider that in the eyes of the philosophers and maxim-writers you are far braver if you say you are afraid of fire when you see a burning house than if you rush in and rescue the terrified inmates of same. However, be that as it may, it is extraordinarily inconvenient not to *enjoy* trying to break your bones, and if you are so constituted I am afraid that is where the Sports-Snob has it over you every time.

ABOUT getting to Switzerland? Oh, yes! Go out. Take some ravishing pyjama suits, bed jackets, and other boudoir wear, and one evening dress that costs a fortune. Be careful to arrive too late in the day for any form of violent exercise in the open to be possible. And, for safety, grouse that you cannot find any skates, and have a peculiarity in the construction of the left foot that makes borrowing impossible. If you have good ankles an examination of the phenomena should not cause embarrassment.

NOW is the time when you must be careful. Having got on speaking terms with a number of your fellow visitors, you must display enormous enthusiasm at the thought of your first day out. No run difficult enough to daunt you. You laugh to scorn the serious dark man chewing his pipe in the proper Cambridge "blue" fashion, who murmurs, "Oh, I say, I shouldn't take risks if I were you." And you smile approvingly on the short, fair man who has offered you a "snake-in-the-grass" cocktail and exclaims confidently. "*She'll* be all right." You hurry upstairs to change. This is when the ruinously expensive dress has its uses. You put it on, and with its aid you continue the good work of the earlier evening.

AND the next morning? Why, you start off with the best of 'em. The best of skiers and all. You climb up the incline. Skis adjusted, you listen to instructions for coming down in two minutes what you laboriously climbed in twenty. You start, but, if you have followed the purport of these instructions carefully, it will be only two *seconds* before you are down in the snow and that tiresome ankle causing you to spend the rest of the visit in bed. Now do you see the point for particular care about the pyjama suits?

"You smile approvingly on the short, fair man . . ."

IT is easy. There are far worse difficulties than that if you would defeat the Sports-Snob. You may be up against one who actually wants you to share his pleasures with him. This is a trial connected purely with the opposite sex. And it has its worst point in the fact that the man is probably terribly attractive, and you do like being seen about with him.

"Take some ravishing pyjama suits"

WHEN those strong arms hold back a 'bus to let you get on, and the keen eyes scan the evening paper for the latest Test Match scores, you could almost put the banns in hand, and you've quite forgotten the comments he has let fall on your unathletic men friends. But the glamour dies. One Rugger match may be enough to kill it. It depends on the day. If it is not as cold and draughty and damp as it *can* be, when it likes, at Twickenham, then it may take two.

Rosemary.

FILM FANCIES

TRIALS ON THE SCREEN

By AUBERON

The Court Scene, one of the most dramatic incidents in the film version of "The Ware Case"

"THE WARE CASE," the "silent" successor to "The Singing Fool," at the Regal Theatre, shows very clearly that British productions are on the upward trend, though this film is not quite up to the high standard of Warwick Deeping's "Kitty," recently trade shown to a very enthusiastic audience.

❋

WITH the actual filming I have no fault to find, but what were some of the artists doing when they made themselves up? Thick smudges of grease paint round their mouths, eyes too heavily blackened! These things certainly count with the general public, and are apt to cause prejudice right away.

❋

THE story itself is interesting, the trial scene at the Old Bailey extremely realistic, but the remarkably forceful acting of Mr. Stewart Rome in the rôle of Sir Hubert Ware is what stays in my mind to the exclusion of everything else.

❋

HE was splendid throughout, his most brilliant effort being perhaps when undergoing a cross-examination in the witness box as the believed murderer of his wife's brother. He was restrained, and yet at the same time just sufficiently emotional to be human.

Another scene from the British film version of "The Ware Case," which enjoyed a big success on the "legitimate" stage. The stars in the screen adaptation are Stewart Rome and Betty Carter

GENERALLY in court scenes the accused man is so stoically brave and indifferent as to be absolutely inhuman, or else so terribly cowardly as to be repulsive. The happy medium was reached in this picture, however, and Mr. Rome deserves full praise.

❋

THE other members of the cast were adequate with parts that gave very little scope, Syd Ellery's performance as a down-and-out ex-bookie being the most worthy of notice among them.

❋

A FILM with points, worth seeing by movie-goers, but we still have some way to go to catch up with our American and German rivals. We will hope for great things from "Piccadilly," which I shall be reviewing next week, and which promises to outdo any British production as yet.

THE BIRTH OF A LINER

THIS amazing film presented by the Canadian Pacific is full of interest, and holds one's attention from beginning to end, as it recounts the growth of this marvellous industry from its inception in 1880 up to the present day.

❋

WE are taken right through the construction of a Duchess ship from the drafting of the plans to the actual launching of it, prior to its first trip to Montreal. This edifying picture culminates in the launching of *The Duchess of York*, the fourth and youngest of the Duchess liners, christened by Her Royal Highness herself.

ONE has only to see this film to realise even more than ever the greatness of the Canadian Pacific Line, and I do advise anyone who can spare the time to go to the Scala Theatre on February 11, when it will be showing to the public both in the afternoon and evening.

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THE GIRL FROM CANNES

By JED KILEY, the American Humorist

You couldn't help noticing her. I saw her first at the Ambassadeurs. My inherent timidity and her stout English shoes kept us apart for a while, but I caught up with her at the Carlton. We walked almost together to the Casino. At the bar I screwed up my courage and my monocle and spoke to her.

I said, "Are you English?"

"Rather," she said.

"How jolly," I told her. "You simply must try one of my favourite cocktails. Fred makes them just as well as the Embassy fellow, and anyway, you know, fellow-countrymen in a foreign clime and all that sort of thing. Oh you must!"

We had the cocktails and they were ripping.

"Do you know," she said, "I am sure we have met before. Your features are quite familiar. Tell me, was it Scotland or Rotten Row?"

"And your face is quite familiar to me," I assured her honestly. "Perhaps it was at Lord Bertie's shooting lodge last season. Or was it dancing? I am sure you know my people, the Brewster-Smyths of Swellhaven? Don't tell me you don't know them."

"I am so sorry. But when one spends most of one's time on the Continent one loses touch with one's own set, doesn't one?"

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"Rather."

Just then one of those gambling fellows one sees around the baccara tables taking "bancos" and all that sort of thing came up to my companion and appeared to be annoying her.

"Can I be of any assistance?" I asked.

"So good of you," she said. "You see this is little Cholly Worster, of Worcestershire. Cholly, against the Baronet's wishes, has been gambling again and finds himself quite over his head. I have been distressed because I left my bag on the yacht at luncheon and cannot possibly advance him the necessary hundred pounds. I wondered——"

"Quite so," I said, producing the correct banknote.

She thanked me with well-bred effusiveness, and excusing herself rushed off with Cholly to the tables. I did not see her again.

I asked Fred later if he knew her and where she lived in England.

"Her passport," Fred informed me, "reads *Battle Creek, Mich.*"

"Oh!" I said.

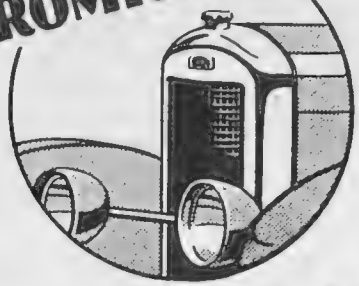
We Anglo-Saxons dislike any show of emotion. I walked quickly away. I felt quite terrible.

You see, I was born and raised in Battle Creek.

By NATE COLLIER

THE COWBOY ELOPES

CHROMIUM Plating



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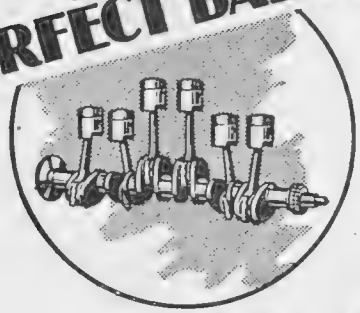

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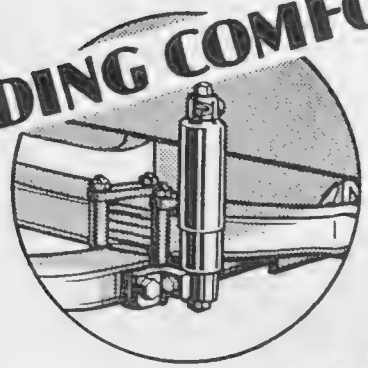

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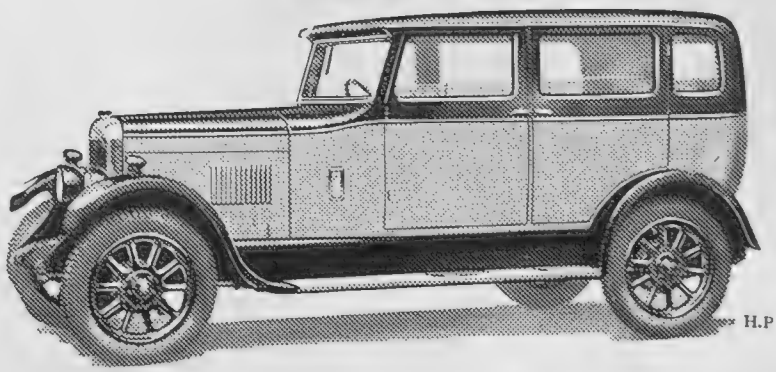


H.P

DOGS

APROPOS CRUFT'S SHOW

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Little Joan Hutchinson with her mother's Champion Alsatian, Attasso of Actonia, which was a competitor at the Alsatian League's Show held recently at the Horticultural Hall

TO-DAY (Wednesday) and to-morrow are very emphatically Dog Days, no matter what the calendar or the clerk of the weather has to say about it; for they're the days of the biggest Dog Show to be found anywhere, when Spratts, the canine caterers, bench and feed thousands of the finest Dogs in the world at the Royal Agricultural Hall, and the doggy experts of Britain, from the Orkneys to Land's End, along with many visiting connoisseurs from other lands—some of them from as far afield as 'Frisco and Melbourne—forgather to compare notes, to inspect Champions, to observe progress in the eighty odd different breeds; also, to book options on puppies still to come, and negotiate for the purchase of this week's competitors.

AN *important* and memorable business for the experts, this huge exhibition is above all else an enthralling affair for the great mass of British Dog-lovers; an opportunity still probably not recognised by thousands of keenly interested Dog-owners who have never formed the habit of attending shows. The expert is always sure of good value for his relatively trifling admission fee, at such wonderful annual *tamashes* as Cruft's and the Kennel Club's Show in the autumn; but for the amateur, for the millions who are just "fond of Dogs," all who would like to know a bit more about man's First Friend, and how to reap the full benefit of his friendship, there's a liberal education waiting at the Agricultural Hall, which is this week a really inexhaustible treasure-house of doggy lore. You can—with ordinary luck and discretion—tap there, in face-to-face talk, the accumulated knowledge of the past-masters; of men and women who have devoted most of their lives to the study and care of Dogs; and you can handle specimens of every known product connected with the feeding, housing, clothing, training, doctoring and all-round cultivation of the species. This, mark you, over and above the main business of inspecting, rank by rank, the champions and possible champions in every known breed; the Dogs themselves; and such Dogs!

AN "unplaced" exhibit in a local show, in which a certain ten-year-old Dog-lover desired "The Kennelman" to camp beside, proved to be a smallish Bulldog bitch, with one of the most comfortably lovable and fascinatingly ugly masks ever seen—a vanishing nose in the midst of a perfectly "smashed-up" face, and a "turn-up" you could have hung your hat on. "But, of course, it *must* be 'Mrs. Bull, the Bull-dog'!" vowed Ten-year-old. And then in a flash one saw the striking resemblance to a leading character in a very jolly new book, Sir Timothy Eden's "Five Dogs and Two More," that Longmans Green, the publishers of the inimitable "Jock of the Bushveld," have issued, and which all doggy folk should possess.

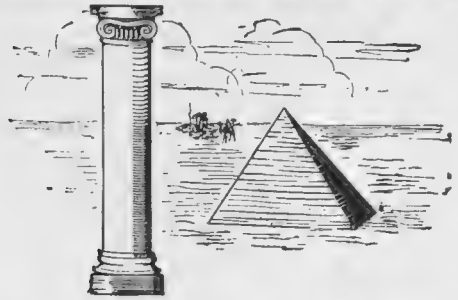
CORRESPONDENTS whose grouse is that in dirty weather their Dogs have a disconcerting way of bringing too much out-of-doors into the house with them might note two points. A little care and patience will enable you to teach almost any Dog to wait at heel till you can brush his feet on a mat instead of rushing in ahead of you.

NO other dog can equal the Irish Wolfhound in stature, some of them measuring within a fraction of 38in. at the shoulder. Oliver Goldsmith, whose natural history causes much amusement to modern scientists, was perhaps not so far wrong when he described them as being as big as a yearling calf; probably he estimated from the ground to the head, and not as we do. The breed was on the point of extinction when the late Captain Graham set about reviving it, using one or two Irish strains that have survived, and crossing with the deerhound. Later still Great Dane blood was used, until to-day we have a very imposing animal that looks like what we imagine the old Irish Wolfhound should have been. Throughout this century there have always been a demand for these Dogs from the remoter parts of the Empire and America, where they are prized as protectors of the home or for hunting big game. Since the War many new exhibitors have appeared in this country, and it is the usual thing for the classes at shows to be well supported. Probably the best bitch of the day is Champion Lady of Raikeshill, the property of Mrs. William Knox, Raikeshill, Silsden, Yorks. Although this beautiful dog has not been shown much, the victories that gained her her championship distinction have been at our biggest shows. She is a great size, elegant of outline, is beautifully sound, and can gallop uncommonly well for such a huge creature. Irish Wolfhounds came into the limelight a few months ago when Princess Mary accepted one on her visit to Ireland. Another has often been seen in London as the regimental mascot of the Irish Guards. Mrs. Knox has a number of others in her kennels, and she should be able to do a great deal of good to the breed.

The Irish Wolfhound Bitch, Champion Lady of Raikeshill, which is the present holder of the Cruft's International Hound Bowl. She is the property of Mrs. William Knox, of Raikeshill, Silsden, near Keighley

Warwick Wright Says

It is easier to tip over a Pillar than a Pyramid



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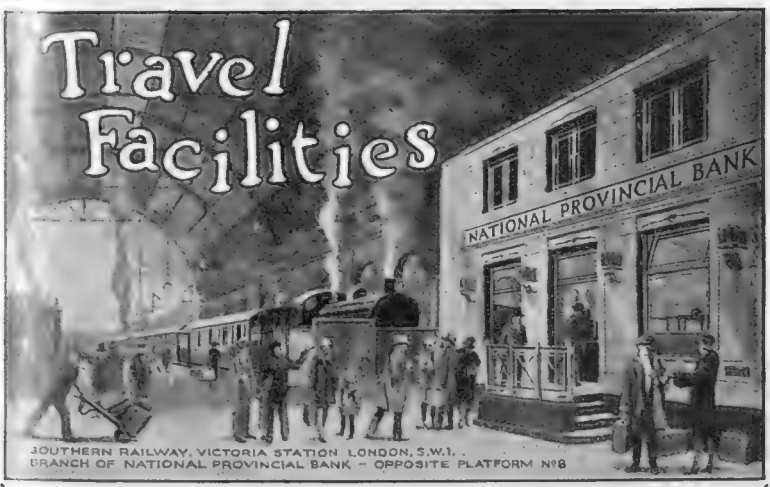

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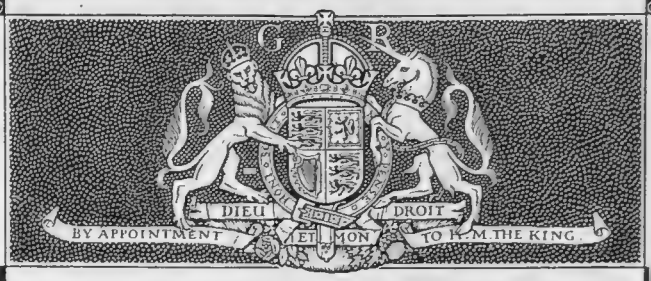

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MOTOR NOTES

DON'T DO THAT . . .

By E. M. WRIGHT

Not "all work and no play"—in between times A. P. F. Chapman enjoys a run into the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., in the company of Mailey and Oldfield

DOES it ever occur to you to keep within the prescribed speed limit, except when you receive friendly warning that danger lurks ahead? Yet I have recently learned, through a photograph that reached this office from America, of a speed limit which would delight the heart of every sporting motorist to obey to the letter. The picture is of Miami Viaduct, Florida, and on the viaduct appears the following notice: "You must go thirty-five miles per hour over this viaduct." In other words, your minimum speed *must* be nearly twice the legal *maximum* on an open road in this country, and well over three times the limit allowed on many viaducts and suchlike places here! I am fascinated, too, by the peremptoriness of the wording. And if the motorist has any doubt about his good fortune the burly American "traffic cop" in the picture looks thoroughly capable of putting "pep" into that word "must."

***

IN the same journal appear a number of illustrations showing English point-duty policemen in training at Peel House. It may be chance, but it is none the less significant that while the American man in blue is gracefully waving a motorist on, our embryo constables appear to be chiefly engaged either in gymnastic exercises designed to stop the traffic dead, or in voluminous note-taking. For our traffic authorities also love the word "must." The difference, however, is that the word "not" is always added or implied. Government here is not so much by admonition—at any rate, as far as road law is concerned—as by prohibition, or, where a few stringent prohibitions are genuinely called for, by utter and complete neglect.

I WOULD not for the world sling metaphorical mud at our well-fed Robert, for—like the soldier—he may not reason why; he must do his job as best he may, and enforce the antiquated laws which grandmothers and elderly maiden aunts succeed in placing on the Statute book. Traffic jams—to take an example within the knowledge of us all—grow worse and worse. The poor Bobby stands in the pelting rain doing his level best to clear the busy intersection of its chaotic conglomeration of crawling tramcars, lumbering waggons—horse and otherwise—hand barrows, and I know not what. Your hand itches to strike that imperturbable figure with outstretched arm. In a frenzy of exasperation you may touch the horn. But patience—remember the old adage: Don't toot at the pointsman; he is doing his best." It may be a poor best, but poor it will continue to be whilst every vehicle from the hand barrow to the steam waggon—a veritable trackless train—is allowed the indiscriminate use of the road.

***

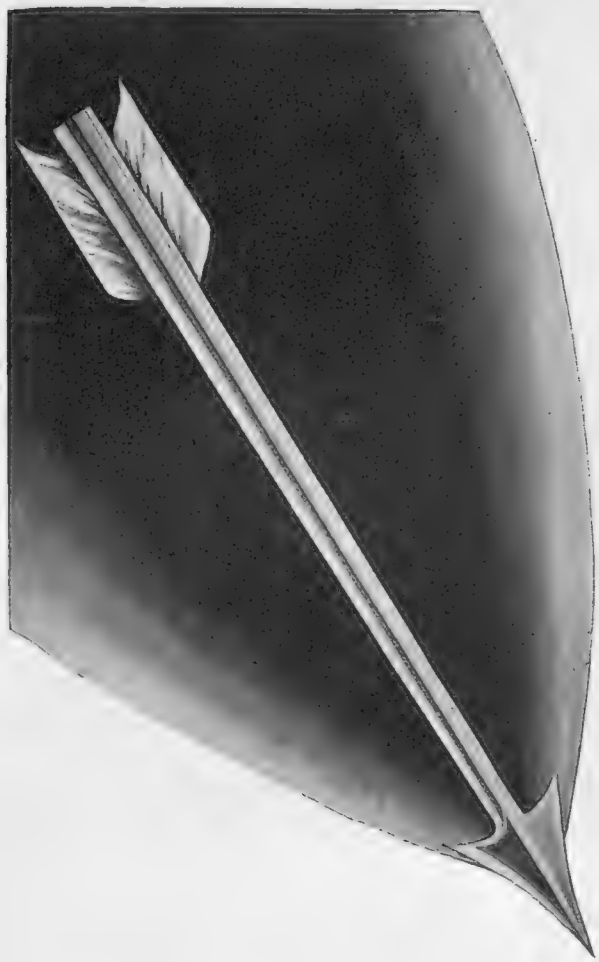
WE in our insular pride used to point the finger of scorn at the dapper little Parisian *agents*, and till very recently used to mock at his frantic and ineffective efforts to control the traffic on the boulevards. But I think we must change our tune today. The *agent* is still as dapper as ever, still his excitable little self, but the laws he enforces are strict and sensible. The authorities in Paris have no hesitation in ordering the dray and the lorry from its crowded main streets during the rush hours of the day, nor have they any repugnance to trying out new ideas designed to keep the roads free or speed up the flow of traffic. But then the Frenchman is logical, and if there must be revolution — *voilà* — revolution there is. There is little enough logic on our roads, but if you descend from your super limousine and deign to mingle with mere pedestrians you must throw logic and good manners to the winds, and jostle your way slowly and painfully along.

***

THE outstanding point about American cars in the low and medium priced categories is that they usually represent such extraordinary value for money. I was trying one recently that is a good instance of this. It is the Chandler Straight Eight, which in the five-seater saloon version sells at £545 complete. That alone is sufficiently striking for a straight eight, but in addition the performance of this car is quite exceptional. The American motorist will not change

(Continued on page 292)

A 29 h.p. Chandler Straight Eight, seen outside a country mansion. This model has wire wheels and is listed at £570. A little more than the standard model



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why Haig Whisky is daily increasing in popularity all the world over

IS INSIDE THE BOTTLE

(Continued from page 290)

gear if he can help it, and most of his cars give an all-top performance; but the Chandler gives a really super version of this.

***

My standard test route includes a nasty gradient approached by a right-hand corner and gradually stiffening to something like 1 in 6. Most cars, even of the top gear variety, cannot get up enough speed to remain in top, but without a change down at the corner the Chandler simply swooped up the hill. It is some three years since I last surmounted the hill with such all-conquering ease, and that was on a Six of over 40 h.p. with light coachwork.

***

The Chandler is of 28.8 h.p. rating, and the body is a heavy saloon, which gives a glimpse of the progress that has been made in American engine efficiency of late. Here is a car that is well worth trying. The engine develops 80 b.h.p. at 3,200 r.p.m., and amongst several excellent points in the chassis are central lubrication and Westinghouse vacuum-assisted four wheel brakes. The steering is particularly steady, and an excellent degree of lock is provided. United Motors, Ltd., who are sole concessionaires for Chandler and Darracq cars in this country, have just taken London showrooms, where a large range of these cars is displayed. They are at the Blue Bird Garage, in King's Road, Chelsea.

***

It is unfortunate that the history of transport involves the use of so many long technical terms, such as "vehicles," "legislation," "coach-building development"—not to speak of bitumen, macadam and ferro-concrete! For in reality there is no subject so full of romance, adventure, and live human interest. I have just been looking through a beautiful book produced by Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., entitled "Coachbuilding—Past and Present." It is almost a history of road travel, dealing as it does with primitive vehicles and the earliest forms of coach, bringing in the story of road laws, the progress in coach construction, and the changes brought about by the advent of the motor car. It is splendidly printed and illustrated, and will be sent free of charge to readers who write for it mentioning The Bystander.

A Hillman Saloon seen in a picturesque rural setting

***

The latest Stutz car is improved in some twenty points, chief amongst them being adjustable front seats and steering column, a slightly larger engine, and better head lamps. The catalogue dealing with this model is now obtainable from Warwick Wright, Ltd., the Stutz concessionaires, 150, New Bond Street, W.1.

***

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., manufacturers of Castrol motor lubricating oils, have been honoured with the Royal Warrant of appointment as suppliers of lubricating oil to His Majesty the King of Spain. They have for some considerable time held the Royal Warrant to King George.

E. M. W.

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B 6

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To be prepared for tumbling in,
And when your friend has hauled you out
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AIR LINER'S RECORD PARIS-LONDON FLIGHT

On Sunday, Jan. 20th, the Imperial Airways' Argosy "The City of Glasgow," piloted by Mr. Walters, flew from Paris to London in one hour and forty-five minutes, constituting a record for so large a machine.

High speed and absolute reliability are essential to safe and successful air transport. It is therefore significant that the Armstrong-Siddeley "Jaguar" engines of the Argosy, and also the Napier "Lion" and Bristol "Jupiter" engines of the other luxurious Air Liners of Imperial Airways are all lubricated with—

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FLYING NOTES

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE AIR

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Water-cooled Engines Popular

OUR success over the Solent next September depends principally on the design staffs of four of our leading manufacturers. Machines will be chosen for the Schneider Trophy Race from those being built by the Gloster Aircraft Co. and Supermarine's, whilst engines are being made by Rolls-Royce and Napier. The remarkable power developed by the Napier "Lion" is sufficiently well proved to guarantee that even greater horse-power will be secured this year. It is to Rolls-Royce that one may look for a worthy rival to the "Lion," which has had a monopoly for some years now in the top-speed class. Water-cooled engines are likely to remain in favour for racing purposes until the air-cooled variety can change its present shape. Maximum speed can be attained only by adopting the most perfect streamline form, not possible with the present radial, which has cylinders stuck out at right angles to the line of flight.

Squadron-Leader Arthur James-Williams, first pilot, and Lieut. Eric Victor Major, second pilot, seen standing by the giant Fairey-Napier monoplane (top) which is to bid for a new air record. It is expected that it will remain in the air three days without refuelling

'Plane Topics

THOSE who complain about the high cost of flying should emigrate to Chile, where instruction is given free of charge at the principal club. The secretary has not divulged the secret of how this is done, and meanwhile at Stag Lane the new clubhouse is being furnished at great expense, and members wishing to assist in this good work are requested to forward their donations to 3, Clifford Street, W.1. Capt. H. V. Worrall, D.S.C., who accompanied Sir Alan Cobham on his flight round Africa, has been appointed pilot instructor to the Yorkshire Club, filling the vacancy caused by Capt. Beck's resignation.

A Pillar of Fire

ON the west side of Lympne Aerodrome, and, to be precise, on the north-east corner of the most northerly hangar, a strange phenomenon has been observed from great distances during recent foggy weather. It has appeared as a fiery pillar of light, some 60ft. above the ground, flashing a mysterious signal at regular intervals and emitting a harsh cough or bark. Very much to the relief of the local rustics, it has turned out to be only a Neon beacon erected by the Air Ministry as a guide to pilots crossing the Channel. The light is operated by day during conditions of bad visibility, and at night on request to the officer in charge of the aerodrome or when an aircraft is expected. It is similar to the one at Croydon, with a different light character for identification.

Club News

THE second trials for the Pemberton Trophy were held at Woodford, in spite of protest by a snowstorm, and resulted in four out of fifteen competitors landing within the magic circle from 1,000ft. without engine. Mr. J. F. Leeming, in his new rôle of Vice-President of the Lancashire Club, presented the prize to Mr. R. F. Hall, and another to Mr. Gort, who had won the monthly competition on flying time. Mrs. Frank Courtney, piloted by Captain Reeves from Stag Lane in a Gipsy Moth, was a recent visitor to Norwich. The Cinque Ports Club would like it known that central heating is now available in the clubhouse behind the bar. Visitors by air will appreciate this facility, especially prior to a Channel crossing. Talking of the Channel, a new high-speed motor lifeboat is to be stationed at Dover for co-operation with aircraft. Not that one anticipates a ducking when going over by air, but it's nice to know that the boat is there—in case.

In Germany

MAJOR WRONSKY, the controller of Germany's vast airway system, has given us the clue to the mystery of how to create the "air-mind." In a country where there is intense competition between different towns in order to be considered the most up to date, and between schools and associations of all kinds to offer the most facilities for study, recreation, or profit, it is not surprising that progress with civil aviation has been rapid. No German town is on the map unless it possesses an air port, whilst national progress has been assisted largely through local grants to encourage trade by air. This has had a marked effect also on what they call in Germany "the sporting classes," those who believe in fresh air and exercise. What more thrilling sport can be imagined than air-racing or aerobatics, and where is there purer air than at 10,000ft. over any town in the world?

Air Speed

AFTER making their first flight by the "Silver Wing" to Paris, passengers often complain that they have had no sensation of speed. They feel disappointed after plucking up courage to be rushed through space, because there seems to have been no need for their fears and no reward for their bravery. The higher one flies the slower one appears to go, and yet Paris is, on an average, two and a half hours from London *via* the clouds or just over the tree-tops. The only thing which in any way delays or assists flying is the wind. An air liner has crossed the Channel in ten minutes, although on rare occasions it has taken twenty-five minutes to bridge the gap.

BY STAN TERRY

MILD and BITTER

Judged by the cloth — a finely woven, jet black barathea . . .

By the cut—giving distinguished expression to the approved styles for 1929 . . .

By the extent, number and gradation of the true-to-life fittings . . .

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LILY CHRISTINE AND OTHERS

By RALPH STRAUS

THE new Michael Arlen story will certainly not bring about any decrease in its author's very large sales. Indeed, I am prepared to be told that *Lily Christine* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) passes even the Arlen record. It has much in its favour. Most important of all is Lily Christine herself, who is about the nicest and dearest and most ill-used heroine who ever strayed into the pages of a novel. She has no vices, no queernesses, if you except a habit of entertaining her friends in her bedroom, and, after all, that is no more than the revival of a very old custom, and almost all the pleasanter virtues. She is the loyalist being in all the world. And, apparently, her only crime is that she loves her unpleasant "cart-horse" of a husband too much.

❋

A LITTLE while ago somebody very kindly wrote a whole book about the important business (or art) of making love and being made love to. Therein it was explained to innocent young women exactly how to obtain the husbands they wanted, and how to keep them comfortably secure after the wedding. It was explained how useful, in fact, how necessary, a little finesse would be. If your George or John chose to run after some miserable young woman who was no better than she should be, the last thing for you to do would be to let him see you tearful or angry. Much better to take a hand in his game yourself. Make the monster jealous. Keep him on tenterhooks. And only on the rarest occasions, and after you had reduced him to pulp, allow him to think for a few precious moments that he could really be a horrible bully when he liked.

❋

EXCELLENT advice, no doubt. Married men—I am told—can be unbelievably difficult. A most rigorous technique is required to deal with the brutes. But suppose that any sort of a technique simply refuses to be. Suppose that a woman "loses her head" over a man, marries him, and is wholly incapable of ever finding her head again?

❋

THAT, more or less, is what happens to Lily Christine with her Ivor. She just loves him, and goes on loving him, and there it is. No technique will be of the smallest use. Lily Christine even condones her husband's "pieces of nonsense"—a phrase which I certainly prefer to the commoner "pretty ladies"—and is what I imagine most men would call the ideal wife. (Some sternly practical folk may think her too good to be true: away with them!)

❋

AND then the horribly pathetic Ivor, in spite of his first-class cricket, plays the dirtiest game. Lily Christine has a few men friends—the "middle-class" Harvey, an avuncular cousin, and a queer Greek who ought not to have been a Greek at all. Like herself they are the nicest and dearest creatures in London. But

Miss Ann Reid, whose book, "We Are the Dead" (Constable: 6s. net), is due to be published to-morrow (Thursday), and will be reviewed here next week

when Ivor falls in love with an almost revolting respectable actress, who refuses to marry him unless he can divorce his wife, he dares to cite one of these friends as co-respondent—the ghastliest business which ends tragically in a typically Arlenish way.

❋

YOU may say that these people are really too charming. You may say that the conspiracy against poor Lily Christine is altogether too horrid. You may refuse to believe in the miserable Ivor. But, for myself, I am prepared to accept the story as a romantic entertainment of the most agreeable kind. There *are* people like Lily Christine, and I consider her portrait about the most sympathetic that Mr. Arlen has painted.

❋

THERE *are* people like Mrs. Abbey, the actress, and her portrait, too, is particularly ingenious. Moreover, Mr. Arlen has "produced" his little drama with commendable adroitness, and if the final curtain lacks finesse, at least it is "in the picture."

❋

LILY CHRISTINE, therefore, will sell in its thousands, and so will Sir Philip Gibbs's new story, *Darkened Rooms* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which, to my mind, is probably the sanest story ever written round about spiritualistic affairs. The nasty little photographer of the suburbs who finds that seances pay so much better than studio-portraits does not disdain to make use of all the usual apparatus.

❋

MR. EMERY JAGO, indeed, knows that to be really successful your medium cannot afford to be a poor showman. At the same time he is not a complete fraud. He knows that inexplicable things do happen: with, for instance, the crystal that his wretched little mistress uses.

❋

HIS portrait is Sargentesque. Sir Philip has rarely done anything better, and, good story-teller that he is, he has woven about the fellow a drama which might seem far-fetched, did one not know—from reading of so many similar cases in the newspapers—that the sanest and most matter-of-fact people are as open to attacks from clever and unscrupulous mediums as is anybody else.

❋

A BEAUTIFUL actress is in love with an eminent K.C. Both are Mr. Jago's clients. The K.C. dies, and Mr. Jago desires to step into his shoes. A difficult task—unless you can so arrange matters as to "permit" the dead man's spirit to occupy your body. And this Mr. Jago attempts to do. More, he is nearly successful. But occasionally even professors of psychology are of some practical use, and so it is here. I can warmly recommend this novel.

❋

JAGO is a rat who deserves a long term of imprisonment, which he does not get. On the other hand, the hero of Mr. Gordon Daviot's first novel, *Kif* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a delightful youngster who certainly does not deserve to be hanged, which is, unfortunately, what happens. This "unvarnished history" is good to read. There is no hint of exaggeration in its well-written pages. There must have been many Kifs wandering about London after the War, and some were lucky and others were not. Kif drifts into burglary by accident, and by accident kills his man. The gods are against him, but like Ann Barclay, who marries his old Captain—if Kif had been born a "gentleman" I suppose she would have married him—we can understand him, and sympathise with him, and even love him a little. Mr. Daviot has begun very well.

BOOKS REVIEWED

LILY CHRISTINE. By Michael Arlen. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

DARKENED ROOMS. By Sir Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

KIF. By Gordon Daviot. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

SIR EDMUND HORNBY: An Autobiography. (Constable: 18s.)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

BIOGRAPHIES remain popular, but it is becoming a little difficult to find suitable subjects. So many of the old-time heroes and heroines already have had too many books written about them. It is a "de-bunking" age, but even so there must come a time when there is nothing new, either for or against, that remains to be said. On the other hand I find that autobiographies, except of the embroidered variety, are not so popular. But then they are rarely the work of practised writers.

❋

AND yet it does not need a professional writer to produce a first-class autobiography. You should read *Sir Edmund Hornby: An Autobiography* (Constable: 18*s.*). This is the book about which there was recently some trouble in the courts. Some of the Hornby family considered that there were passages in the manuscript which were a little too "free" for an ex-judge to have written. As a result of that case a few lines were taken out, but only a few, and the book as it stands is a joy to read.

❋

HORNBY as a young man had a good time in various places, and tells us about it. Afterwards in various positions of dignity he continued to make the most of his opportunities, and lost none of that quiet sense of humour which helped him so considerably throughout his life. And as he was always an agreeably outspoken man, and writes in much the same way that he spoke, you have a book entirely unlike the usual doubtlessly meritorious but rather dull compilation which so many old gentlemen think will be of interest to their descendants.

❋

HORNBY'S book cheerfully breaks all the rules, and you enjoy every word of it. Incidentally, it was written in the nineties, but for all that it is delightfully up to date, and one or two of its "anticipations" are quite remarkably shrewd.

Miss Pamela Frankau is a young woman who has recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday, and who wrote "Marriage of Harlequin" and "The Fig Tree." Her third novel, under the neatly chosen title "Three," was published by Hurst and Blackett on January 25

OUR LIBRARY LIST

THE PRISONER IN THE OPAL. By A. E. W. Mason (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Another excellent "thriller," though not quite so good as *No Other Tiger*. Our old friend Hanaud is sleuthing all the time, and has not yet perfected his knowledge of English idioms. With the help of his friend, Mr. Ricardo, he discovers the murderer of the beautiful Mrs. Devenish—her body is found in a river, minus its right hand—but only after a story of almost unbelievable horror (with black masses and ghastly things of that kind) has been slowly unfolded. And as always with Mr. Mason, the writing is unusually good.

GALLANTRY. By James Branch Cabell. (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Some people, I know, find Mr. Cabell very little to their taste, but these stories of Carolean days are admirably robust and picturesque and queerly alluring. Moreover, they are told with such an air that even when one seems to have read something very similar before, one sees things from a rather new angle. There is an introduction by Louis Untermeyer, who enjoys a considerable reputation in Mr. Cabell's own country, and whose novel *Moses* is about to be published here.

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS. By E. P. Leigh-Bennett. (Southern Railway.)—Some little time ago various impressions of well-known golf courses in the South and South-West of England appeared in THE BYSTANDER. They were the work of Mr. Leigh-Bennett. Together with a new one on Le Touquet they now appear in book-form, and a delightful brochure they make. Not a guide book, but yet a most useful guide. A charming present for golfers.

ASK THE YOUNG. By W. B. Trites. (Gollancz: 5*s.*)—Almost uncomfortably brilliant. "Shows up" those ultra-moderns who believe that any old-established convention *must* be hopelessly bad. Psychologically incorrect, but excellent romance. And quite shockingly outspoken. Should annoy quite a number of people, for various reasons, but chiefly because it dares to point an old-fashioned moral.

R. S.

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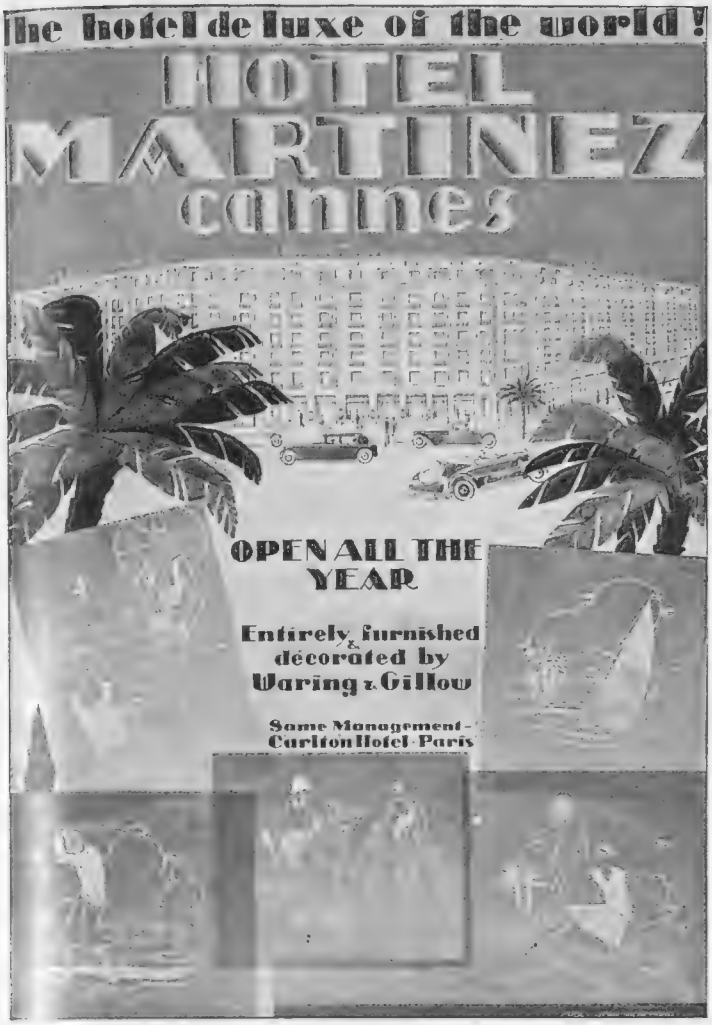

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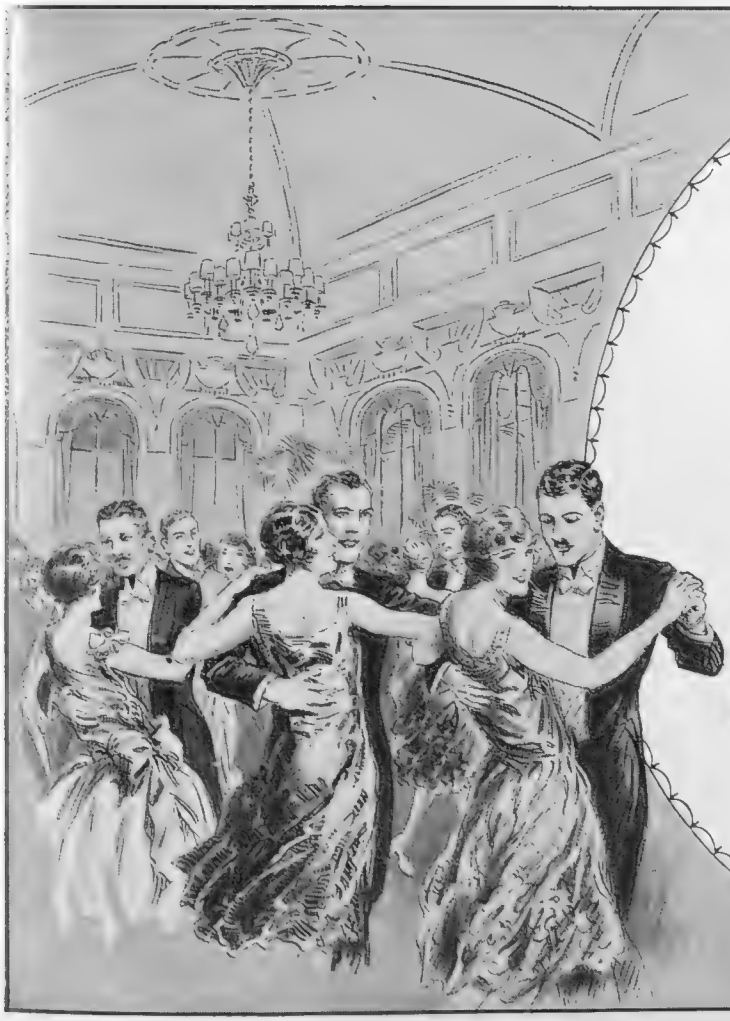

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care should be taken to dry them *thoroughly*, as neglect of this simple precaution is the most common cause of "Chapping." A little

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gently massaged into the Hands and Arms will keep the skin soft and white and free from all roughness and redness. Cultivate the Larola habit and you'll never need to worry over the appearance of your hands. Try it on your face, too, you will be surprised at the improvement.

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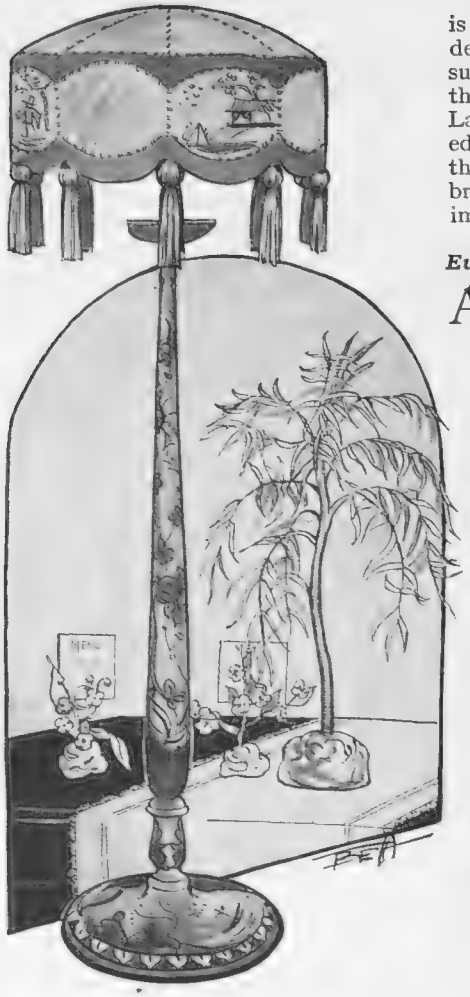
FASHION'S FANCIES

ENSEMBLE of the WEEK

Specially sketched by HELEN McKIE

THIS Spring ensemble comes from the Douillet collection, and may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's. The dress is of stone-coloured georgette, and is decorated with rows of fine pleats. A novel feature is the slit at the back, which extends from the decolletage to a few inches above the waist. A bow is introduced at the top, its mission in life being to keep the corsage in position. A row of buttons and false buttonholes appear on each side.

FRENCH velour makes the coat of this ensemble. Tucks to harmonise with the dress are cleverly arranged to emphasise the graceful contour of the figure. The upstanding collar is fastened with a fur tab, which may be arranged in a variety of ways. The felt hat is a new version of the becoming béret-toque, which is not likely to be eclipsed as long as collars which frame the neck are worn. The bag harmonises with the dress.



A Chinese lacquered floor standard, with a real vellum shade; an exquisite palm tree of clouded crystal; and menu holders made of crystal flowers. From Maples

Millinery Whispers

IT is early yet to predict definitely what hats we shall wear with our new Spring *ensembles* and our neat tailor-made suits, but certain it is that some of the most exclusive designers are favouring symmetrical brims, cleverly manipulated in a most attractive manner, but without the slightest hint of one-sidedness about them anywhere. Even the bow or the ubiquitous ornament which finishes them is placed in the centre, often half-way up the crown. These hats must be worn correctly, or they are the reverse of smart. They should be pulled well down towards the back of the head, fitting it without a wrinkle, the brim being lifted across the front. It then reveals the eyes while casting a becoming shadow over them.

Felt Holds Its Own

VERY lightweight satin felts will probably share the honours a little later on with such straws as bakou, ballibuntal, and sisal, all of which come from the East. The felts are invariably short-haired, and the finer they are the better. An extraordinary range of shades will be seen, from the palest pastel hues to vivid yellows, greens, and a flattering ruby-red. Soft tabac browns will reign supreme so far as sports wear is concerned. It is evident that an effort is being made to create a vogue for decorative hats of the trimmed persuasion, but what measure of success these will meet with is problematical. Large models often have their brims edged with velvet or tulle, which gives them a very soft effect. Patterns embroidered in metal threads add to their importance.

Evening Gowns from Paris

AMONG the evening dresses which recently formed part of one of the most distinguished collections was one which was absolutely novel in several respects. The cut was extremely intricate, for the upper portion of the frock was straight and very narrow, a wide-spreading, uneven hem springing from midway between the waist and the knees. At the back it formed a panel which reached the floor. The fabricating medium was of great interest. Rather like a very wide-meshed net, with round holes instead of square ones, it was composed entirely of beads the colour of the haze which rises from a bluebell wood. A large kerchief was draped across the shoulders.

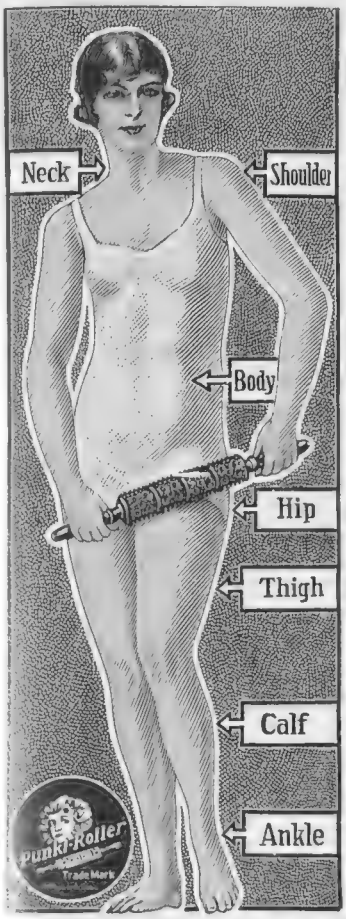
Sumptuous Stoles and Wraps

IT is at this time of the year, when the Winter Sales are being held, that women who pride themselves on careful buying go in search of stoles and ties to wear with their warmer weather outfits. Illustrated at the foot of this page is a handsome natural squirrel wrap finished at each end with large tails. Very soft and long, both sides are of fur, and it is obtainable in light or dark skins at James Fraser, 237, Regent Street, whose sale is now in progress. (The showrooms are on the first floor. It costs only 12½ guineas.) The beautiful coat is of Persian lamb, luxuriously trimmed with sable squirrel. It is lined with embroidered *crêpe de Chine*, and is one of the many distinctive models obtainable there at most moderate prices.

Crystal Flowers and Diffused Radiance

THE lure of lovely things for the home can never be resisted by women who realise the strength of the effect created by their surroundings. That is why the vast Salons at Maples, Tottenham Court Road, are always thronged with eager dreamers, each visualising some of the host of treasures in a setting which they themselves have planned. On the left is a Chinese lacquered floor standard, with a real vellum shade painted in Chinese designs. The sections are laced together with gold thongs, and the tassels are of parchment and amber hues. The exquisite palm tree is of clouded green crystal, while the menu-holders are made of crystal flowers.

This luxurious natural squirrel stole, and the coat of Persian lamb, lavishly trimmed with sable squirrel, are both included in the sale which is in progress at James Fraser's



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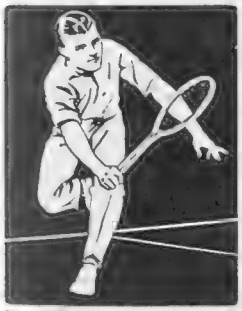

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Clear Turtle Soup

TAKE ½ lb. sun-dried turtle and let it soak for four days in lukewarm water changed every twelve hours. Whilst this soaking process goes on keep the turtle in a warm place and let it stand in a cool oven at night. When the meat is swollen comparatively soft cut into neat pieces about an inch square, and let it boil gently for twelve hours in good, clear stock, into which should be put a slice of lean ham, two onions, head of celery, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, and some turtle herbs (bought ready prepared), two cloves, and a pinch of cayenne. Let the soup simmer gently, removing the scum as it rises. When the soup is reduced to two quarts strain and remove every bit of fat. It is a good thing to boil 1 lb. fresh eel, cut into pieces and put into the stock. When tender, strain the stock, having lifted these out with clear white egg in the usual way. When ready add a wineglass of sherry, a few drops of lemon, and the pieces of turtle flesh; cayenne and lemon cut in quarters are generally handed with this soup.

Filets de Rougets à la Villeroi

WASH and scrape the red mullets, then remove the fillets from the backbone. Place them in a marinade composed of salt, pepper, lemon juice, a spoonful of salad oil, a little parsley, and any other herbs liked, for twenty-five minutes, turning them from time to time. Afterwards let the fillets dry on a clean cloth, soak them in a thick white sauce (this can be omitted if not liked), egg and breadcrumb them, flatten them with a knife-blade to give a good shape, and fry in a frying basket for five or six minutes if coated with sauce. When done, serve in a circle on a dish-paper or napkin with sprigs of fried parsley in the centre. Serve with the fish a good tomato sauce.

Dîner

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MANDARINES GLACÉES.
FRIANDISES.

AVOCADA PEARS IN PARMESAN.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Chicken Creams

SCRAPE the meat of a fowl according to the quantity required, make bread panada, pound all well together, pass through an iron sieve. When well worked together add the yolks of two eggs and some cream, season with salt and pepper. Take small moulds, in the form of little chickens, butter these, and steam for half an hour. Serve with a good cream sauce. The ends of the legs in the small moulds can have a little stick of white almond projecting to form the leg. Bottled green peas or mushrooms should be used for garnish. If preferred in one large mould, let it be flat on the top and garnish with truffles in design.

Avocada Pears in Parmesan

PEEL and halve two pears, make a hollow for the mixture, place them on sippets of toast, buttered, and thickly dusted with Parmesan. Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs with half an ounce of butter and a teaspoonful of anchovy paste and a pinch of cayenne. Mix all very smooth, and fill up the pears with the preparation.

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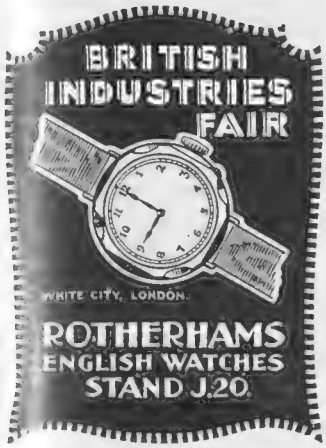

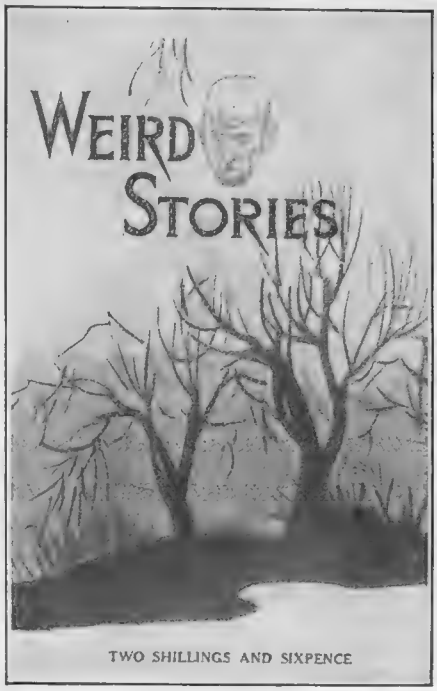

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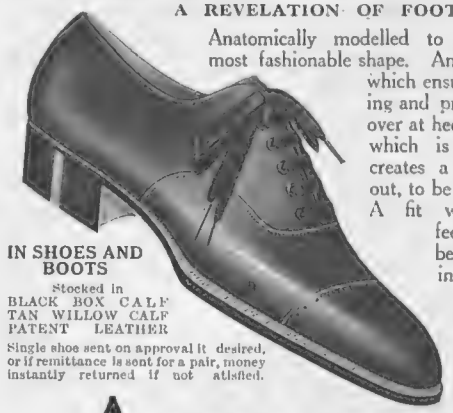

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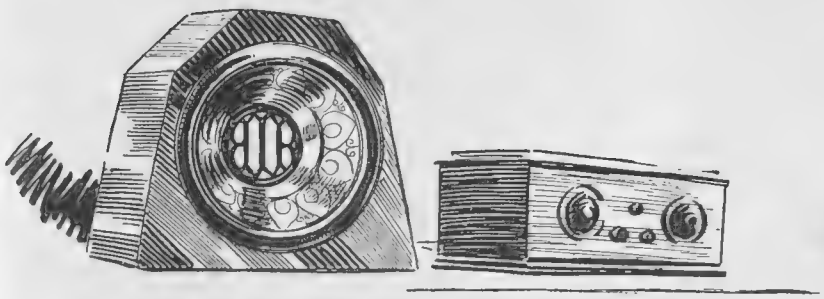

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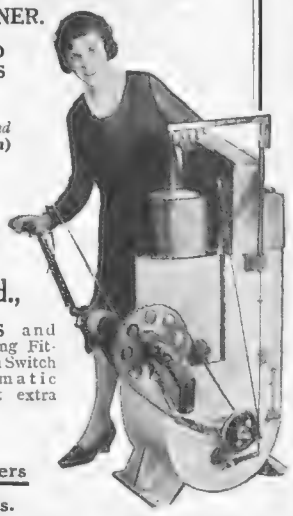

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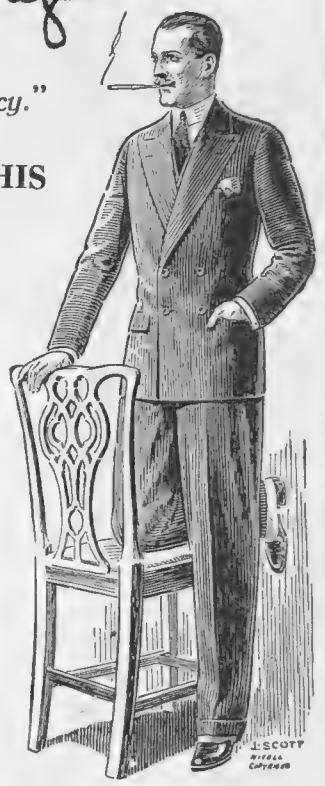

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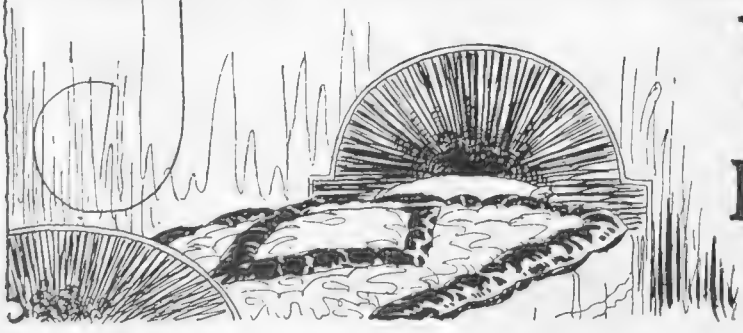

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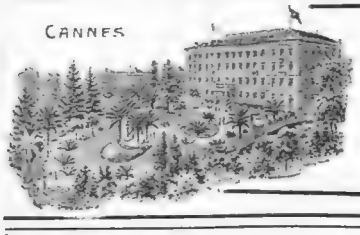

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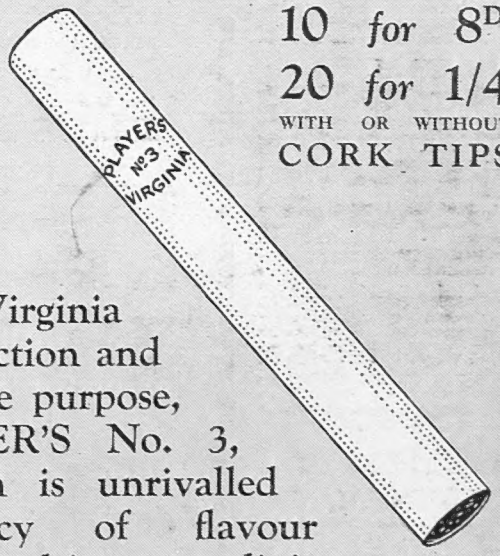

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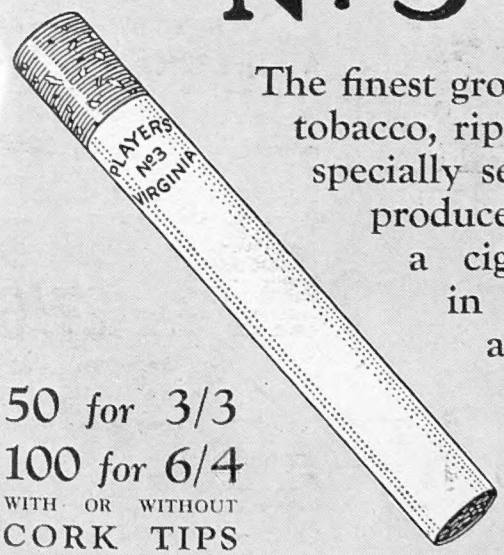

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